Every Week

3¢

November 6, 1916

STILL WATERS
A LOVE STORY—READ IT

In this issue

ELMORE ELLIOTT PEAKE

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SEWELL FORD

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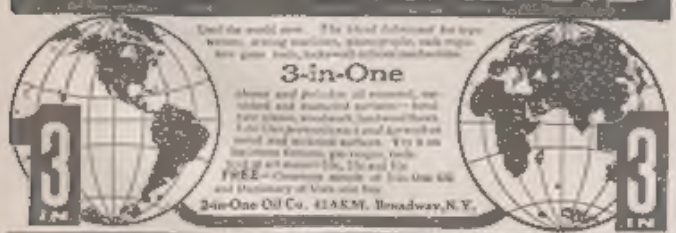

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A Letter to a Young Man Who Wants a Better Job

YOU ask me how you can get a better job.

My answer is that *you can't*.

All over the country are millions of young men who, in a vague sort of way, want *a* better job; and here and there among them are the worth-while few who want *the* better job.

And the millions wonder why the few move on, while they stand stationary year after year.

You must, first of all, pick out *the* better job—some particular job that is better than yours. Then train your guns on that and capture it.

You tell me that you are a bookkeeper and that you earn $15 a week.

I know certified public accountants who earn $10,000 a year and more.

If I were a bookkeeper earning $15 a week, I would go out for a public accountant's job. I might die on the road, but whoever found my body would notice that my face was toward the summit.

Second: You can never make anybody pay you more money until you have more to sell.

I can advertise in a newspaper to-morrow morning and have a hundred bright young men here at eight o'clock. Each one will have just as much to offer me as you have: the same two years of high school; the same experience in keeping books; the same good record. Every one of them will be willing to work for $15, and some of them for $12.

The only way you can lift yourself out of that $15 class is by giving yourself an equipment that the rest of the fellows in that class don't have. In other words, by study—by education—by specialized training.

Third: When you have picked out the one particular better job that you want, when you have fitted yourself for it, then be careful of your letter of application.

If Judge Gary or Charles M. Schwab applied for a job by letter to-morrow, they would get it in almost any big business in this country, even if their applications were written in lead pencil on a sheet of butcher paper.

Their personalities and abilities are known. Yours are not. Your letter is your representative. For heaven's sake, if you have in you any spark of originality that other men have not, make your letter a tiny bit different from the other letters that the other men will write.

Go downtown and pick out a shade of paper and a size of envelop that will be different. Make your letter stick out among the hundred letters that your prospective employer will receive, so that it will be the first letter he opens. When he does open it, be sure he finds it typewritten, even if you have to spend money you can ill afford to spend.

Fourth: I receive many letters of application. In one form or another, they usually say something like this: "I want a better job: I am thinking of getting married"; or, "I have a mother to support"; or, "I have been three years in this place without a raise and see no future."

All of which interests me not at all.

For when it comes to spending my employer's money I am fundamentally selfish.

Much as I should like to give jobs to all the young men who have mothers to support, or who see no future where they are, I can not do it.

The only letter that I read with interest is the letter of the young man who has studied my business and who points out to me how I can make more money for my employer by employing him.

One of the biggest business men I know said to me: "I have private secretaries to relieve me of many details; but one detail I never delegate:

"I make it a rule to see all applicants for positions."

Why did he have that rule?

Because his business, and every business in America, is built on youth, enthusiasm, and ideas. And any applicant may bring him an idea that would be worth thousands of dollars.

Ideas are the keys that unlock big men's doors.

When you have fitted yourself for the better job, let your letter of application contain an Idea.

Bruce Barton, Editor.

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Our Ancestors Were Not So Meek

By WILLIAM HARD

ON July 2, 1853, the American sloop-of-war *St. Louis* was lying in the harbor of Smyrna in Turkey. It was commanded by Duncan Nathaniel Ingraham. Ingraham had never heard that Americans who go to a foreign country get beyond the protection of the United States.

In Smyrna, on land, there was an American. Yet he was not quite an American. He was a Hungarian who had come to the United States and had here declared his "intention" of becoming an American. He was what one might call a near-American. His name was Martin Koszta. He was wanted by the Austro-Hungarian government for having taken part (before coming to the United States) in the patriotic Hungarian rebellion of 1848.

In the harbor of Smyrna there was also an Austrian war vessel. She was a brig, and her name was the *Hussar*.

Koszta was waylaid in Smyrna by hired thugs and thrown into the harbor, and there seized by sailors from the *Hussar*, who deposited him in the vessel's hold.

The next move in the diplomatic game was clearly Ingraham's.

Ingraham, like most of our naval officers before the Civil War, played the diplomatic game in foreign parts with great finesse. Ingraham sent a note to the commander of the *Hussar*. It was a soothing note. It said that, unless Koszta was put back on land by four o'clock, the *St. Louis* would go to the *Hussar* and get him.

At four o'clock the *St. Louis* ranged herself alongside the *Hussar*, with her guns loaded and aimed and her gunners stripped. The commander of the *Hussar* hauled Koszta out of the hold and put him back on land.

Koszta came back to the United States. Congress gave Ingraham a sword.

The other method would have been to let the *Hussar* take Koszta back to the Austro-Hungarian port of Trieste and there kill him, and then have a Joint High International Commission to tell his children—or his grandchildren—whether he was killed properly or not. Our alleged pacifist ancestors followed Ingraham's method with extraordinary frequency.

Three years after the incident related, on November 16, 1856, the American sloop-of-war *Portsmouth* was lying (peacefully) in the harbor of Canton in China. There were eight forts on shore. These were real forts, with walls eight feet thick and manned by 5000 Chinese troops. One of these forts fired a shot at the *Portsmouth*. The *Portsmouth's* commander, Andrew Hull Foote, was one of our meekest ancestors. He dumped his blue-jackets and marines out into shallow water, waded them ashore, marched around through the knee-deep mud of the rice-fields to the rear of the forts, attacked them, and six days later had captured them all and undermined them and blown them up. No Chinese seaside forts ever again bombarded unoffending American ships.

Some people now propose to exclude all such incidents—incidents of blood—from our history books. In other words, they propose to exclude the very incidents by which we brought bloodshed to a stop.

We used to pay tribute to the pirates of the Barbary Coast on the south side of the Mediterranean. Our history books often suppress that fact. But a fact it is: we paid tribute. Congress would make an appropriation, and an American vessel would take it, either in cash or in "naval stores," across the Atlantic and through the Straits of Gibraltar to the chieftains of the pirates who were shedding the blood of the sailors of the merchant ships of the world. Not liking the term "tribute," we called it "consular presents"—presents made to the chieftain when he was good enough to receive a consul from us to complain to him about the miseries of our sailors in his prisons.

"Our country! Though forbearance is her maxim, she must show to foreign nations that her rights are not to be outraged!"

Converting the Pasha of Tripoli

VIRTUALLY every nation of Europe was meek enough to keep on doing this. Our ancestors were not so meek.

In 1804 and 1805 they converted the Pasha of Tripoli to a better life by holding up before him a set of higher ideals. These ideals were two in number.

The first was a certain William Eaton, who went to Alexandria in Egypt and made his way up into the interior, and there collected an "army" of 4000 ruffians of all nationalities, picking up also an exiled male relative of the Pasha of Tripoli who thought he would like to be Pasha, and then started westward straight across the desert for the port of Tripoli, with the Pasha's male relatives riding on a camel in the midst of a body-guard of ninety Arabians, while ten Americans herded the "army" and spurred it forward.

Our ancestors were also humorists. The second ideal was Commodore Barrow,—and afterward Commodore Rodgers,—who blockaded the port of Tripoli, and so, by preventing the Pasha from sending his pirates out to sea, cut off his pocket-money. In May of 1805 the Pasha capitulated. For the first time in the history of the piratical Barbary Coast, a Barbary government signed a treaty of peace on board a foreign war-ship, and one of the prime stipulations of that treaty was "no tribute."

We handed similar ideals to the Sultan of Morocco and to the Bey of Tunis, and finally—making the job complete—to the Dey of Algiers. This Dey was strong for diplomacy. Having killed or imprisoned a large number of peaceful American sailors, he wanted to talk things over in a reasonable way. Would Commodore Decatur give him a truce of a month or so? Commodore Decatur would not. A couple of weeks? No. Three hours? Let reason rule: three hours! "Not one minute," said Commodore Decatur. And the Dey signed a treaty which not only barred him from collecting any more tribute from us, but actually—to the astonishment of Europe—compelled him to compensate American sailors for the losses he had inflicted upon them.

So there was peace thereafter for us—a real peace, not a "peace" consisting of continuous burnings and sinkings and kidnappings—along the whole Barbary Coast; and the esteem and respect in which we were held may be judged by the following first paragraph of the letter which the Dey of Algiers proceeded to send to the President of the United States:

> To His Majesty the Emperor of America and its adjacent and dependent provinces and coasts—our noble friend—the support of the kings of the nations of Jesus—the pillar of all Christian sovereigns—the most glorious among the Princes—elected among many Lords and Nobles—the happy, the great, the amiable James Madison.

An Extreme Case of Protection

THE most extreme case of the protection of Americans abroad came in 1861 under Abraham Lincoln. It was in Egypt. It was only eight years after the Koszta incident; and the Barbary Coast incidents were still actually remembered. No force was needed, only resoluteness.

There lived in Egypt a Syrian named Faris. He was a Christian and he distributed Bibles. He lived far away from the sea-coast, in Upper Egypt, at Osiut. The Mohammedan authorities of Osiut were displeased with him because of his activities on behalf of the Christian religion; and they tied him into a foot-rack and tortured him till he fainted in his blood, and then attached him to a prison-post with an iron chain.

Now, Faris was not an American—not even a near-American. He was only a native assistant to American missionaries.

Our consul-general at Alexandria was W. S. Thayer. Thayer went to the Egyptian Minister of Foreign Affairs, and said that Faris was not an American, but that this was a case "to be settled not by diplomatic technicalities but on its substantial merits and the principles of justice and common sense." Would the Minister of Foreign Affairs please act?

A few days later Thayer was notified that action had been taken. Certain of Faris's torturers had been "degraded" from their offices, and there would be an "investigation."

Thayer replied that no "investigation" was necessary, and that no amount of "degrading" would suffice. Let every one of Faris's torturers be sentenced to prison, and let a fine be collected from among them to go to Faris for compensation. Thayer would start for Osiut, and stay on the job till it was done.

It was done. All thirteen of the torturers were imprisoned for a year; and they were fined, and Faris got $5000. And Abraham Lincoln was so pleased that he wrote an autograph letter to Mohammed Said Pasha, Viceroy of Egypt, complimenting him on his excellent international manners.

In 1861 the arm of the United States was long enough to reach into Upper Egypt to avenge—promptly and thoroughly—a non-American Syrian who was lucky enough to be associated with an American philanthropic enterprise.

People sometimes say that we put up with a great deal from England before we

went to war with her in 1812. We did. We were a nation of infantile weakness, and England was the world's largest and richest and best organized empire. We put up with a great deal from England because we had to. Yet, even at that, we went to war with her in the end, anyhow, very anyhow—without the remotest chance of doing any real damage to an empire which Napoleon himself had not been able to hurt, but simply on the principle of the pugnacious kingbird, which plunges at the hawk to worry her and to scare her off.

These historians are demonstrably right who say that our ancestors hated professional standing armies with a great hatred, but dearly loved to do a lot of amateur skirmishing around with their own personal rifles on their own more or less individual accounts. They were highly anti-"militaristic," but highly aggressive. They were at their happiest in both these qualities during their conquest of Spanish Florida in 1816-18, at a time when the United States was officially totally at peace with Spain.

Our Florida frontier then, like our Mexican frontier now, was tormented by disorders and raids. Florida Indians and Florida negroes would come across into Georgia and Alabama, and plunder and kill. The Spanish authorities of Florida were unable or unwilling to prevent these occurrences. We prevented them—in a manner that led Spain to hasten to "sell" Florida to us, and to get out of its Florida difficulties with as much dignity as possible, and a little cash.

In 1816 we went down on to Spanish soil in Florida, and totally destroyed an Indian and negro headquarters on the Appalachicola River.

Andrew Jackson's Own War

IN 1818 the War Department put Andrew Jackson in charge of the Florida frontier. He raised volunteers in Kentucky and Tennessee and Georgia and Alabama. He had only 800 regulars. The rest of his little force of 2000 men came with their own guns and their own horses, full of an anti-militaristic enthusiasm for violating the "sovereignty" and the "territorial integrity" of Spain.

Jackson proceeded to Spanish soil and took the Spanish town of St. Mark's, and there found the ring-leaders of the Indians—a chief named Francis and a chief named Hichollemico. They were Spanish subjects. They were also murderers and torturers of the subjects of the United States. Jackson hanged them at once.

He then destroyed the chief remaining lair of border assassins—the camp of "Billy Bowlegs" on the Suwannee River. Here he captured Ambrister, an ex-officer of the British navy, an accomplice of the assassins. He had already captured Arbuthnot, another British subject, charged with the same offense. Arbuthnot he hanged. Ambrister he shot.

Having thus executed the four principal sources of our troubles in Florida, and having thoroughly pacified the country, Jackson prepared to return to the United States. At just that moment, however, the Spanish governor of Florida, at Pensacola, sent a note to Jackson saying: "If you do not retire, but persist in your aggressions, I shall repel force by force."

This obliged Jackson to stay in Florida a while longer. He turned indignantly west and captured Pensacola and took possession of the person of the Spanish governor. The virtual end of Spanish rule in Florida had come.

Spain, of course, complained. The government at Washington, of course, gave Pensacola back, but it did not hesitate to say that it was perfectly clear that Spain could not make Florida peaceful, and that therefore the United States would continue to make it peaceful whenever necessary. And Congress approved Jackson's rather personal and private war against Spain by a formal vote.

In 1819 Spain sold Florida to the United States. No more border raids. Peace.

When Jackson got back to Nashville, they gave him a banquet and he proposed a toast. It was:

"Our Country! Though forbearance is her mantra, she must show to foreign nations that her rights are not to be outraged!"

Our ancestors were forbearing—oh, very—but they were not so meek. Therefore they made the United States.

Still Waters

By ELMORE ELLIOTT PEAKE

Illustrations by Stockton Mulford

"As president of the Civic Worthwhile Club, it is my duty to explain the purpose of this mass meeting."

IN spite of a torridity which the withdrawal of the brazen sun had scarcely assuaged, the Black Hawk Opera House was packed to the last gallery seat. Not only was the admission free, but the supper-tables of Goshen had buzzed that evening with the rumor that the speaker might be escorted to the town's edge by a committee of citizens and introduced to a blacksnake whip.

Yet the speaker's name was unknown to the bulk of the audience until Mortimer Shivers—a thin, heavily spectacled, fidgety man with no hair north of his cranial Tropic of Cancer—shuffled out upon the stage and for a moment soundlessly moved his lower jaw, triturating the last of the peppermint lozenge which he was never without since he had quit tobacco.

"As president of the Civic Worthwhile Club," he began, batting his myopic eyes nervously under the bombardment of the footlights, "it is my duty to explain the purpose of this mass meeting. Our club, as most of you know, is one of a chain of several hundred, all organized by the parent society in St. Louis. We have been paying dues for several years to that society, with the understanding that when our apprenticeship, as it is called, was up we could borrow a certain sum of money—namely, five thousand dollars—for the purpose of opening and improving a civic park. Well, our apprenticeship was up six months ago, and we haven't seen the color of that money yet."

A GUFFAW dropped down from the gallery. Another gallery god bleated, "Runaway!" whereupon an unpatriotic wave of laughter swept the audience.

"Runaway seems to be the word!" cried the speaker with sudden heat, jerking aloft a thin hand. "We have been put off and put off. Even the demand for a return of our dues, which amount to about five hundred dollars, has been ignored.

"However, this morning I received a telegram from the Civic Society saying that Pat Shipley, one of their traveling secretaries, would be with us to-night and smooth everything out. 'Pat' is the word they used. It don't sound very promising to me, and I don't like the word 'smooth.' And I've got this to say: If Pat Shipley smooths things out here, he'll have to use a big iron and a hot one."

A broadside of applause greeted this bellicose note. When the smoke had cleared the speaker continued:

"The park we had planned to build was to be a community affair, and that is why this mass meeting was called. We want Pat Shipley to understand that he has to reckon not only with the Worthwhile Club, but also with the citizens of Goshen. I regret to announce that the Spring Valley train on which we expect Mr. Shipley is several hours late; but I am informed that the auto-bus is now on its way over. So we may look for him in a very few minutes."

He paused uncertainly.

"We've got no other program, but I see Dudley Sloane, our honorable Mayor, standing in the rear of the house; and I'll ask him to entertain us with a few remarks while we wait."

Hand-claps followed. They come easily to a man of thirty-five who is a bachelor, is known to everybody by his first name, owns the only opera-house, hotel, and ice-plant in town, and collects a rent-roll as long as the moral law. It was, moreover, a well set up young man, with a fresh skin and a clean-cut, symmetrical head, that passed down an aisle with a leisurely but assured tread.

"Stage! Stage!" called some one.

"This elevation is quite sufficient," he answered in his quick, incisive way. "Now, as you all know, I am not a Worthwhile. Repeating here what I have freely said in private, I am not a Worthwhile because I have always regarded the club as trying to get something for nothing—that is to say, a five thousand dollar loan on a credit basis of five hundred. I have never known any one, individually or collectively, to succeed in doing that; and you have just heard my friend, Mort Shivers, confess that the Worthwhiles are not likely to."

He smiled cheerfully at a cat-call.

"Some of you Worthwhiles are probably thinking that your parent society has done just that thing in absorbing your dues. It has the dues, unquestionably. Whether it gets them for nothing or not remains to be seen. The penitentiaries are still doing business at their old stands. However, my advice—if you care for it—is for you to withhold judgment until you hear what Mr. Shipley has to say. Meanwhile, I'll step over to the hotel and make sure that he doesn't go astray between there and here—as he may be tempted to do when he discovers that it is not a parlor gathering which he has to face."

HE found the group of loungers on the spacious veranda of the Judd House speculating, behind their cigars, on the chances of Mr. Shipley showing up. The opinion predominated that he would not. And, sure enough, when the auto-bus that plied between Goshen and Spring Valley wheezed up to the curb, its only passenger was a young woman.

As she stepped into the rectangle of light from the office door, she revealed a slight but supple figure, clad in a glove-fitting tailored suit and a *chic* sailor hat. She ran the gauntlet of masculine eyes without a quiver, registered, and asked to be shown to her room at once—employing a staccato voice which convinced Bert Sheppard, the clerk, that she cherished convictions concerning the meaning of "at once."

When Bert returned from carrying her suit-case and bag upstairs, Dudley Sloane was inspecting the register with a quizzical face. The last entry on the page, in a bold, far-flung script, was "P. Shipley, St. Louis."

"I'm off, Dud!" announced Bert, slipping into a flannel coat and sweeping a handful of cigars from the case.

Sloane was still studying the register—and revolving his promise not to let Mr. Shipley get lost—when a bell snarled and a drop on the annunciator flashed No. 18, the new-comer's room. The Judd House boasted bells but no bell-boys, and Sloane stared at the number as if it were a hieroglyphic. But when the bell whirred again, fifteen seconds later, he laid aside his Panama hat and cigar and ascended the staircase.

"Come!" answered a voice, at his rap. He opened the door.

MISS SHIPLEY could not have occupied her room, at the outside, more than six minutes. Yet her tailored skirt lay on the floor in a circle, just as it had slid from her hips. Toilet accessories and other odds and ends were showered about a black traveling-bag as if by an internal explosion. But what caught and held Dudley Sloane's eyes was the lady herself, faultlessly attired in an evening gown and stretched upon the bed. One shapely white arm, bare to the shoulder, hung limply over the edge, one hand shaded her eyes, and every line of her girlish figure seemed relaxed.

"Can you tell me when the Worthwhile Club is assembled to-night?" she asked wearily, without looking up.

"At the opera-house," answered Sloane.

At the sound of his unbell-boy-like voice, she revealed a pair of tired eyes—very different from those that had run the gauntlet below.

"I am the landlord," he explained.

"At the opera-house!" she exclaimed. "That is very strange." But, as if too weary to seek an explanation, she veiled her eyes again for a moment. "Could you get a conveyance for me? I haven't eaten since this morning. I am very tired. I—I don't understand just what is the matter with me."

"It's only a block," Dudley informed her. "But if I'm a judge, madam, you are in no condition to make an address to-night. There is a big crowd assembled—and they are in a belligerent mood."

He noted the glossy bronze hair piled upon the pillow, and the head, no larger than a ten-year-old boy's, that spanned her temples. Nor did he overlook the plain gold band on the third finger.

"Yes; I imagined they would be belligerent," she murmured resignedly. "I am used to belligerent Worthwhiles. But I—I was not prepared for a mob."

There was something pathetic in her wavering, wandering voice. The man's mind, moreover, was struggling to substitute the Pat Shipley for the one that Mort Shivers' announcement had conjured up.

"Then why not dodge it by going to bed, where assuredly you ought to be?" he asked. "I'll send you up a nice little supper, with a cup of hot coffee or a glass of iced tea; and I'll undertake personally to make your excuses to the club. You can address them to-morrow, you know, under more favorable conditions—in a house, with the mob eliminated."

"Oh, if I could only go to bed—and sleep!" she sighed.

Suddenly she raised herself to a sitting posture and swiftly pressed her tumbled hair into shape.

"But I must speak to-night," she continued. "I have to go on to-morrow for another engagement. And I can't go on unless I collect the membership dues that this club owes." Her pretty mouth hardened. "I can't even pay your bill, Mr. Landlord. For it is from dues in arrears that my house pays its traveling secretaries."

"May I ask if this ingenious system of your house had anything to do with your missing your dinner to-day?"

She eyed him steadily, as if to plumb his soul, as the woman whose quest for bread and butter shuttlecocks her from town to town, over the thrumming wheels, must learn to do with strange men.

"Why should I lie to you? I haven't a sou in my purse. I spent my last penny this morning for a postal-card to write my mother on. But I wasn't hungry—I haven't been hungry for a week—I feel as if I'd never be hungry again." Her lips quivered, but she angrily dashed the tears from her eyes. "Please don't think me a baby. I don't often cry—any more. It doesn't pay. And what doesn't pay I throw into the discard. That's the point I've reached."

He glanced at her slippered foe, nervously patting the floor.

"Then let me get you a sip of brandy—if you are bound to go."

"No brandy for me—thanks," she answered quickly. "Except for that demon stuff I'd be in my own little home to-night instead of in this strange hotel, nerving myself to hoodwink honorable men and women. It takes nerve. That's why I'm sick to-night, body and soul. When I took up this work a year ago, it promised not only an honest living but an opportunity for social service. The name Worthwhile captured my fancy. How I hate it now! But it's only the last month or so that I have suspected something crooked. I'm no adventuress. My father is a superannuated Methodist minister, and rather than see me step from the straight and narrow path he'd take his old gabbled hands and wrap me in my shroud.

"But no hysterics, please! You're a man of the world. You understand that when a woman must have money—when her body and brain are the only buffers between her aged parents and the poorhouse—there's a worse way than this for her to get it. But to-night, come what may, is the last. This club owes about fifty dollars. I'll pluck that one bitter forbidden fruit, though it turns to ashes on my lips, and then no more."

She swayed slightly.

"Now hand me the wrap in my suitcase, please, so I may cloak the nakedness that the Circle Worthwhile Society prescribes as a uniform for its decoys. And if you are not ashamed to lend me your arm as far as the opera-house I shall be obliged. I am a trifle tottery."

"We'll go down the back stairs and up the alley to the stage entrance," said Sloane. "Not that I'm shy of Main Street, understand. But the club is expecting a man, and you don't wish, I fancy, to do anything that would swell the crowd."

THE stage door was locked, as he had expected. Pleating his shoulder against it, he forced it open. Then, with his hand upon her arm, he guided her along the pitch-dark, smelly passages, and up a steep, narrow flight of stairs to where Mort Shivers sat in one of the wings.

Sloane returned to the hotel. To see a vacuum-pump applied to the exchequer of the Worthwhile Club would ordinarily have attracted him as a sporting event. But his session with the fair operator of the pump had stripped the performance of any element of sport for him; and, drawing an easy chair up to the railing of the now deserted veranda, he gave his sober thoughts free rein.

LIFE, as he had often dryly remarked, had been a feather-bed for him. No great grief had ever laid its chastening hand upon him. Both his parents were still living. He had never lost a brother or a sister. He had never sat, in the silent watches of the night, at the side of a crib and watched the fluttering respirations of a stricken child.

So complete, indeed, had been his immunity to the ills of humanity, that he had never known a quarter of an hour of pecuniary distress. And, like most people who live softly, he held the comfortable belief that the necks of the poor are providentially stiffened to the weight of their yoke.

But here had happened along a woman—her flesh still curiously warmed his palm—whose neck was sorely galled by this yoke; who, in her fight for a livelihood, had been forced to her knees, with the cruel alternative of being counted out or striking below the belt. And she, while loathing the act, had chosen so to strike. It was a disturbing thought. "Do not be whirled about!" from Marcus Aurelius, was Sloane's favorite maxim. Yet now, to his surprise, he was being vigorously whirled about, with no hand-hold in sight.

"He gathered her up as if she were a child and bore her off."

HIS reflections were interrupted by the tinkle of the office telephone.

"You got a Miss Patricia Shipley there, Dud?" asked a voice which he recognized as the station agent's at Spring Valley.

"Yes; but she isn't in now."

"Well, here's a telegram for her. I'll send over a copy in the morning by the bus, but I thought she might be glad to have it 'phoned to-night. It sounds kind of urgent. All ready? 'Canalport, Ohio, June 24. Did you send money? Not received. Your father some better.' It's signed 'Mother.' I guess the old lady needs the money, too, for the message come collect. Shall I charge it to the hotel, as usual?"

"Yes," answered Dudley, and hung up.

He stared at the memorandum.

"A nice little nightcap for Pat Shipley!" he muttered to himself. "I'd sooner throw ice-water on a sick kitten."

Quick steps outside diverted him—steps, as a rule, being very deliberate in Goshen during this torrid spell, when the very sparrows in the road breathed through open bills. The next moment Mort Shivers bolted through the door.

"That young lady has fainted," he announced breathlessly. "Doc Sprague says for you to get the coolest room in the house ready for her. That's your'n, ain't it?" he added, with nervous joviality.

"It's mine, all right. Mrs. Murdock!" he bellowed up the stairs.

When the matron appeared at the landing, he said sharply:

"Change the linen in my room and get it ship-shape for a young woman who is sick—as quick as you can. How are they going to get her over here?" he demanded of Shivers.

"Doc thinks she can walk after a bit."

"What happened, anyway? They rough-house her?"

His hazel-brown eyes glazed over with an agate hardness.

"Oh, no. There wasn't a sound while she was explaining that the Society was lending its money first to those clubs that were building settlement-houses in the slums. I, for one, was feelin' pretty flat, after my bow-wow talk. Then she stopped all of a sudden, with a face as white as chalk, and says: 'My friends, this is what I was sent here to tell you, and it is the truth. What I wasn't sent to tell you, but which is also the truth, is that these settlement-houses are mere baits to lure more clubs into the league. I don't believe that this club will ever get a loan or a dollar of its dues back, without a suit at law.' And then she kind of knelt down, kind of sat down, right on the floor, and closed her eyes. It was awful!"

Removing his spectacles, Shivers vigorously mopped his face and shining cranium. The glaze passed from Sloane's eyes.

"That girl mustn't try to walk, Shivers." You go back and have them wait till I can get my car in the stage door."

THE stage was filled with a buzzing, excited group, mostly women. Doc Sprague, herculean and hot, sat in the center, holding in his great hairy paw a glass still reeking with aromatic spirits of ammonia. Miss Shipley lay on a dingy red couch which had been the *pièce de résistance* of many a maiden's mock swoon in the past. Her hair clung in damp tendrils to her temples, and there was still a startled look in her eyes, as if she were wondering what all the ado was about. But at the sight of Sloane unceremoniously elbowing his way forward—and the incident made a juicy morsel for a number of breakfast-tables the next morning—she lifted a pair of appealing arms.

He gathered her up as if she were a child and bore her off—"just like a dog with a bone," acidly commented Mrs. Whitehead, the mother of three marriageable daughters.

After he had laid her upon the bed in his large, high-ceiled room, in Mrs. Murdock's care, Sloane retired to the hall. His heart was cutting didoes entirely out of character with that steady organ. Doc Sprague, lumbering upstairs, puffed out: "You missed your callin', Dud, when you didn't join an ambulance corps in the Red Cross."

A WHILE later, while Mrs. Murdock was coddling an egg in the kitchen, Sloane reentered the dark room on tiptoe, carrying an electric fan and a pitcher of ice-water.

"You may turn on the light—I'm not asleep," came a subdued voice from the ancient four-poster in a corner.

While attaching the fan Dudley was conscious, without looking, of a figure shooted to the chin, a thick plait of hair falling over one shoulder, and a pair of shining, wistful eyes set in an oval face of alabaster hue. When finally he did look at her, he received a wan smile.

"I was thinking how odd it is that I don't even know your name yet," she murmured.

"Which shows that for the fundamental relations of life a name is not a necessity. However, for convenience, you may call me Sloane."

She made no answer, and he continued: "Mrs. Murdock will sleep in the next room. She's an old nurse, and a tap on the wall will rouse her. In the morning my sister will come over to see you."

"Everybody has been so kind," she exclaimed tensely. Then, with a quick little intake of breath, she added: "Mr. Sloane, I didn't collect any dues to-night."

"So I heard. Accept my congratulations."

"I mean, you have a paper on your hands."

He smiled. "In that connection I have a pleasant surprise for you. Your house has telegraphed you a neat little sum of money. The agent at Spring Valley 'phoned the message over an hour ago."

Her eyes grew round.

"Why, that can't be. There's some mistake. Our house never does such a thing."

"The message was straight enough—to Miss Patricia Shipley—directing her to call for the money at the Planters National Bank. That's our bank."

Her eyes still searched his—with no

trace of suspecting his fabrication, but wonderingly, incredulously.

"Did it say for how much?" she trembled out.

"A hundred-odd dollars, I think—the wire wasn't working well. Is that about what they owe you?"

"They owe me a hundred and sixty dollars. But—"

"Probably that was the amount, then. We'll know for certain in the morning. Now, Miss Shipley, I've told you this to-night, thinking you would sleep better for it—"

"Oh, dear God, how I'll sleep to-night!" she grasped, with a rush of tears.

"—and because, when I go over to the bank in the morning for your money, I thought possibly you might want me to attend to some business for you—buy a draft or something of that kind."

"You're a mind-reader!" she exclaimed, rising to one elbow. "I want a draft for—let me think!—for fifty dollars, payable to Mrs. Elijah Shipley. That's my mother. Oh, Mr. Sloane, if you ever lose faith in your heavenly Father, don't—don't—don't! Only an hour ago the way was so dark to me. I seemed to stand upon the brink of an abyss filled with horrid shapes, waiting for me to slip and fall. Then, in the midst of my lying harangue, I caught sight of an old man in the audience. His gray beard and the hand cupped behind his ear were just like my father's. I call him a man; but he sat in a shadowy corner, and I didn't know whether he was flesh or spirit. I don't know yet, for my father has been very, very sick, and—anyway, he saved me. Good night, dear friend."

PATRICIA did not get up the next morning, as Sprague had predicted, nor for a number of mornings thereafter.

"I'm just tired—I just want to rest—forever, I think," she would reply to Aline Sloane, who had taken the place of Mrs. Murdock. When they brought her food, she made a pretense of eating—to oblige them. She was not melancholy, but she was submerged in a listlessness, a meekness, that worried the doctor.

"There's no lesion, no germ," said he to Sloane. "Something evil has befallen her. We've got to get her mind off herself, and the job is up to you, Dud," he added, raising his bushy brows quizzically.

Other brows were raising quizzically, for Sloane's assiduity in entertaining the invalid was not even surpassed by that of Aline, who had instantly surrendered to Patricia's charm. He who had always scorned fiction now droned aloud from a novel for hours at a time in the sick-room, while tenants, with rent-money in their pockets, cooled their heels in his office.

One day, when he carried in an armful of Cherokee roses with the compliments of the Worthwhile Club, she cried out acutely:

"Mr. Sloane, this can't go on indefinitely—you and Aline practically dropping your affairs to take care of me! Isn't there a hospital here that I can go to?"

"No," he answered, plaiting one of the flowers in her hand. "If there was, of course Aline and I should be happy to immure you there and let you die of loneliness."

And, for some reason, her eyes wavered.

She sat up for the first time a week later. The following Sunday, Dudley took her and Aline for a short, slow ride in his automobile, under the old elms and maples that were Goshen's pride. By Wednesday she felt able to ride out to one of his farms.

They drove down a lane into a great field of wheat stubble, where the tenant was at work with a threshing crew. Patricia waited in the car, watching the animated scene—wagons journeying to and from the separator, into whose insatiable maw they fed their loads of sheaves; the sweating, discolored men toiling in an inferno of dust at the end of the stacker; the suckers around the grain-spout.

Last—but not least, as something within warned her—was Sloane himself, shaking hands with the men, passing cigars, inspecting samples of grain, and finally returning to the car, cheerful and efficient, with chaff upon his hat-brim.

And this, she reflected, was but one farm of six which he owned! Her mind leaped back to her father, whose salary had never been more than a thousand dollars a year. Under the comparison he shrank to insignificance. But on the heels of this bitter thought came the sweet and soothing recollection of the grief he had assuaged, of the sin-sick he had healed, of the dying whose path to eternity he had paved with his prayers.

BEFORE returning to the main road, Sloane drove into a green pasture beyond the wheat-field, where a herd of white-faced Hereford cattle grazed. Stopping at a great, circular-walled spring, he dipped Patricia a drink in an iron cup red with rust.

"How did you earn all this, Mr. Sloane?" she asked wonderingly.

"I didn't," he laughed.

"Your father, then?"

"He didn't. It's an accretion. It began with my great-grandfather, who bought land for a dollar an acre that to-day is worth two hundred or more."

"And you don't deserve any credit for it?"

"Only as I have been faithful to my stewardship."

"Which consists of—breeding dollars?" she asked—and instantly rued the thrust.

"Yes—and maintaining an honest name, the respect of my neighbors, and the fealty of my tenants. Not always an easy task, believe me."

She felt duly rebuked. Silence followed. The heat danced above the land. The minute sounds of the invisible folk of the grass—little harvesters busy with their own crops and glorying in the heat that wilted man—pricked the pastoral quiet.

"I think I shall go home to-morrow," observed the girl.

Dudley, in the act of lighting a fresh cigar, dropped the flaming match.

"You are surely not strong enough for such a journey," he demurred.

"I must get into the harness again—like yourself and the busy men back there."

He slowly relaxed his fingers, and the cigar followed the match.

"Patricia," he began,—and the name fell from his lips with the slightest tremor,—"is it presumptuous, after an acquaintance of twelve days, for me to ask you to work in double harness—with me—as my wife? I love you. I have loved you, I think, from the moment you stepped out of the bus in front of the hotel."

So it had come, as she had divined it was coming! And it had come as she, lying awake in the small hours of the night, had pictured it as coming—direct, straight from the shoulder. It was the way of strong men.

"READ this, please," said she quietly. She fumbled at her waist a moment, and drew forth a bit of paper—the familiar yellow Western Union envelop—and handed it to him. It was the message from her mother—the message he had never delivered. But he scanned it coolly enough.

"So this is the secret of that hospital talk of yours! How did you come by it?"

"Mrs. Murdock gave it to me the first day I was in bed. Mr. Sloane, did the agent at Spring Valley telephone you this message while I was at the opera-house?"

He admitted it, smiling faintly.

"Did he telephone you any other message—one from the house I worked for, sending me money?"

"No. Are you holding that little fib against me, Patricia?"

"Ah, no! But don't you see—can't you understand? Why, I'm nothing but a pensioner on your bounty!"

"What of it? I have done for you only what I would for a bird that had stunned itself against my window. You can pay every dollar of that loan back, if you want to. Will you marry me?"

"You can't marry a woman for pity, Mr. Sloane," she declared.

"I have pitied a good many women—you are the first I have loved. Believe me, I know my mind. I am no boy."

He was standing beside the car. He reached over the fore door and laid his hand upon both of hers, tightly clasped in her lap, and lowered his head a bit, with a roguish, tender smile, to peep beneath her lowered lashes. She vouchsafed him his glimpse; she even smiled back—half fearfully, half wistfully.

"You are used to having your own way—aren't you?"

"Not always."

"You are a big, strong man, the kind that conquers—aren't you?"

"I frequently suffer defeat. Only the other day, for instance, my life-long philosophy of single blessedness was knocked into a cocked hat."

"You're never afraid to take a chance, though—are you?"

"More so, often, than I make obvious."

The playful light died from her eyes.

"You are taking the greatest chance of your life this minute—and I can not let you."

"Be merciful!" he begged.

"I am," she retorted, with quickened breath. "A little pain inflicted now may save you—may save both of us a—"

"Does it pain you to say what you are saying now?" he interrupted.

"Can you doubt it—Dudley?"

"Then you do love me—a little?"

Her fingers twitched under his hand. Her violet eyes darkened with passion, but held his with a gaze that was now unwavering.

"Yes—more than a little."

An exquisite emotion that was almost pain—as if his heart were falling through space—filled him. Then, leaning nearer, he encircled her with his arm and swept her head to his breast.

"No, no!" she pleaded, as if to his hovering lips. "I did not mean that. I—I—give me till to-night to decide."

"Very well, my dear," he assented, with a light like waving banners in his eyes. "Until to-night we shall play that we are merely friends. But after to-night—" He spoke like a teasing boy.

"Yes; after to-night—" Her voice trailed off sadly.

HE had another errand two miles farther on, and the madness in his blood oozed into the throttle, so that three or four breathless minutes brought them to a little farm-house whose veranda was smothered under a gigantic crimson rambler rose, now a blood-red mass of bloom. A woman in a faded blue gingham dress stepped out into the yard to meet them.

"It'll be cooler for you to set on the porch and wait, lady," said she. Her eyes were red, her voice husky; and Patricia gathered, from the exchange that followed, that her husband had been bedbound for a number of weeks from the kick of a horse.

Sloane and the woman entered the house. Patricia sat down outside in an unpainted, home-made rocker with a patchwork tidy and cushion. The sweet breath of the roses was tinged with the effluvium of some drug, and she discovered, from the sound of voices, that a window at the other end of the veranda opened on the sick-room.

"Well, Herman," she heard Dudley say, "I suppose you wanted to see me about your note."

"Yes, Mr. Sloane," answered a man's listless voice. "I can't pay it—not even the interest. It is a long ways for you to come to hear that, but it is the truth. It is nine weeks now since I got hurted. I have hired all my hay and wheat to be harvested, and have lost a horse besides, through the hands lettin' him drink too

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"That is just like brother!" exclaimed Aline."

"'You're married, aren't you, Covington?' 'Eh?' 'Didn't Beatrice tell me you registered here with your wife?'"

The Triflers

By FREDERICK ORIN BARTLETT

Illustration by George E. Wolfe

MONTE was at the Hôtel d'Angleterre at nine. In response to his card he received a brief note.

Dear Monte (he read): Please don't ask to see me this morning. I'm so mixed up I'm afraid I won't be at all good company.

Yours, MARJORY.

Monte sent back this note in reply:

Dear Marjory: If you're mixed up, I'm just the one you ought to see. You've been thinking again.

MONTE.

She came into the office looking like a hunted thing; but he stepped forward to meet her with a boyish good humor that reassured her in an instant. The firm grip of his hand alone was enough to steady her. Her tired eyes smiled gratitude.

"I never expected to be married and deserted—all in one week," he said lightly. "What's the trouble?"

He felt like a comedian trying to be funny with the heart gone out of him. But he knew she expected no less. He must remain just Monte or he would only frighten her the more. No matter if his heart pounded until he could not catch his breath, he must play the care-free chump of a companion de voyage. That was all she had married—all she wanted.

She glanced at his arm in its black sling.

"Who tied it for you this morning?" she asked.

"The valet."

"He didn't do it at all nicely. There's a little sun parlor on the next floor. Come with me and I'll do it over."

He followed her upstairs and into a room filled with flowers and wicker chairs. She stood before him and readjusted the handkerchief, so near that he thought he felt her breath. It was a test for a man, and he came through it nobly.

"There—that's better," she said. "Now take the big chair in the sun."

She drew it forward a little, though he protested at so much attention. She dropped into another seat a little away from him.

"Well?" he inquired. "Aren't you going to tell me about it?"

He was making it as easy as possible—easier than she had anticipated.

"Won't you please smoke?"

He lighted a cigarette.

"Now we're off," he encouraged her.

HE was leaning back with one leg crossed over the other—a big, wholesome boy. His blue eyes this morning were the color of the sky, and just as clean and just as untroubled. As she studied him the thought uppermost in her mind was that she must not hurt him. She must be very careful about that. She must give him nothing to worry over.

"Monte," she began, "I guess women have a lot of queer notions men don't know anything about. Can't we let it go at that?"

"If you wish," he nodded. "Only—are you going to stay here?"

"For a little while, anyway," she answered.

"You mean—a day or two?"

"Or a week or two."

"You'd rather not tell me why?"

"If you please—not," she answered quickly.

He thought for a moment, and then asked:

"It wasn't anything I did?"

"No, no," she assured him. "You've been so good, Monte."

He was so good with her now—so gentle and considerate. It made her heart ache. With her chin in hand, elbow upon the arm of her chair, she was apparently looking at him more or less indifferently, when what she would have liked to do was to smooth away the perplexed frown between his brows.

"Then," he asked, "your coming here hasn't anything to do with me?"

She could not answer that directly. With her cheeks burning and her lips dry, she tried to think just what to say. Above all things, she must not worry him!

"It has to do with you and myself and Peter Noyes," she answered.

"Peter Noyes!"

He sat upright.

"He is at the Hôtel des Roses—with his sister," Marjory ran on hurriedly. "They are both old friends, and I met them quite by accident last night. Suddenly, Monte, —they made my position there impossible. They gave me a new point of view on myself—on you. I guess it was an American point of view. What had seemed right before did not seem right then."

"That is why you resumed your maiden name?"

"That is why. But sooner or later Peter will know, won't he?"

"How will he know?"

"The name you signed on the hotel register."

"That's so, too," Monte admitted. "But that says only 'Madame Covington.' Madame Covington might be any one."

He smiled, but his lips were tense.

"She may have been called home unexpectedly."

The girl hid her face in her hands. He rose and stepped to her side.

"There—there," Monte said gently. "Don't worry about that. There is no reason why they should ever associate you with her. If they make any inquiries of me about madame, I'll just say she has

READ THIS: THEN START THE STORY

MONTE COVINGTON, an American, thirty-two years old, finds himself in Paris before the season. He is bored for the first time in his ten years of leisure and travel. One evening he meets, coming from the opera alone, Marjory Stockton, whom he has long known as a girl devoted to an elderly aunt. The aunt is dead, and Marjory, inheriting her fortune, is tasting freedom for the first time. This freedom is marred by admirers offering marriage, the chief offender being Teddy Hamilton, a music-hall favorite, whom she met on the boat coming over. To get rid of him and the others, Monte makes a strange proposal—that Marjory marry him for protection and as a *camaraderie de voyage*, with no further obligation on the part of either. Marjory accepts it. In an encounter with Teddy, Monte is wounded in the shoulder. Soon after this Marjory and Monte go through the marriage service in pursuance of their strange compact. Their first day is spent in a round of gaiety. On the next day they start on an automobile trip, taking Marjory's maid, Marie, and a chauffeur. In this way, perfect comrades, they arrive at Nice, and go to Monte's favorite Hôtel des Roses. Marjory excuses herself from dinner. After his solitary meal Monte goes out to walk on the quay, and later Marjory starts out to join him. On her way she unexpectedly meets Peter Noyes and his sister Beatrice, from New York. Peter, following Marjory's refusal to marry him a year earlier, had overworked and had seriously impaired his eyesight. He is temporarily blind. At sight of Peter, whose honest affection has haunted her, Marjory is suddenly filled with shame at her false position as Mrs. Covington. She allows the brother and sister to think she is traveling alone and says she is stopping at the Hôtel d'Angleterre. To this hotel she and her maid move that evening—Marjory writing a note to Monte telling him of the change without making explanation. Next morning Monte makes the acquaintance of Peter. While the two are talking, Beatrice comes to tell her brother that Marjory will see him at ten o'clock.

gone away for a little while—perhaps for a week or two. Is that right?"

"I—I don't know."

"Nothing unusual about that. Wives are always going away. Even Chic's wife goes away every now and then. As for you, little woman, I think you did the only thing possible. I met that Peter Noyes this morning."

Startled, she raised her face from her hands.

"You met—Peter Noyes?"

"Quite by chance. He was on his way to walk, and I took him with me. He's a wonderful fellow, Marjory."

"You talked with him?"

He nodded.

"He takes life mighty seriously."

"Too seriously, Monte," she returned. "It's what made him blind; and yet—there's something worth while about a man who gets into the game that way. Hanged if he didn't leave me feeling uncomfortable."

She looked worried.

"How, Monte?"

"Oh, as though I ought to be doing something. Do you know I had a notion of studying law at one time?"

"But there was no need of it, was there, Monte?"

"Not in one way. Only, I suppose I could have made myself useful somewhere, even if I didn't have to earn a living. Maybe there's a use for every one—somewhere."

Monte had left her side, and was staring out the window toward the ocean. His mouth was drooping with such exaggerated melancholy that she felt something must be done at once. She began to laugh. He turned quickly.

"You look as if you had lost your last friend," she chided him. "If talking with Peter Noyes does that to you, I don't think you had better talk with him any more."

"He's worth more to-day, blind, than I with my two eyes."

"The trouble with Peter is that he can't smile," she answered. "After all, it would be a sad world if no one was left to smile."

The words brought back to him the phrase she had used at the Normandie: "I am depending on you to keep me normal."

"Where are you going to lunch to-day?" he asked.

"I don't know, Monte," she answered indifferently. "I told Peter he could come over at ten."

"I see. Want to lunch with him?"

"I don't want to lunch with any one."

"He'll probably expect you. I was going to look at some villas to-day; but I suppose that's all off."

Her cheeks turned scarlet. "Yes."

"Then I guess I'll walk to Monte Carlo and lunch there. How about dinner?"

"If they see us together—"

"Ask them too. You can tell them I'm an old friend. I am that, am I not?"

"One of the oldest and best," she answered earnestly.

"Then I'll call you up when I come back. Good luck."

With a nod and a smile, he left her.

BEATRICE brought Peter at ten, and, in spite of the mute appeal of Marjory's eyes, stole off on tiptoe and left her alone with him.

"Has Trix gone?" demanded Peter.

"Yes."

Marjory made him comfortable in the chair Monte had lately occupied, finding a cushion for his head.

"Please don't do those things," he objected. "You make me feel as if I were wearing a sign begging for pity."

"How can any one help pitying you, when they see you like this, Peter?" she asked gently.

"What right have they to do it?" he demanded.

"Right?"

She frowned at that word. So many things in her life seemed to have been decided without respect for right.

"I'm the only one to say whether I shall be pitied or not," he declared. "I've lost the use of my eyes temporarily by my own fault. I don't like it; but I refuse to be pitied."

Marjory was surprised to find him so aggressive. It was not what she expected after listening to Beatrice. It changed her whole attitude toward him instantly.

"Peter," she said, "I won't pity you any more. But if I'm sorry for you—awfully sorry—you won't mind that?"

"I'd rather you wouldn't think of my eyes at all," he answered unsteadily. "I can almost forget them myself—with you."

"Then," she said, "we'll forget them. Are you going to stay here long, Peter?"

"Are you?"

"My plans are uncertain. I don't think I shall ever make any more plans."

"You mustn't let yourself feel that way," Peter returned. "The thing to do, if one scheme fails, is to start another—right off."

"But nothing ever comes out as you expect."

"That gives you a chance to try again."

"What if you make mistakes, Peter?"

"It's the only way you learn," he answered. "There's a new note in your voice, Marjory. Have—you been learning?"

His meaning was clear. He leaned forward as if trying to pierce the darkness between them. His thin white hands were tight upon the chair arms.

"At least, I've been making mistakes," she answered uneasily.

SHE felt, for a second, as if she could pour out her troubles to him. It would be easier—she was ashamed of the thought, but it held true—because he could not see.

"There's such a beautiful woman in you!" he exclaimed passionately.

With her heart beating fast, she dropped back in her chair.

"I've always known that you'd learn some day all the fine things that are in you—all the fine things that lay ahead of you to do as a woman," he ran on. "You remember all the things I said to you—before you left?"

"Yes."

"I can't say them to you now. I must wait until I get my eyes back. Then I shall say them again, and perhaps—"

"Do you think I'd let you wait for your eyes?" she cried.

"You mean that now—"

"No, no, Peter," she interrupted, in a panic. "I didn't mean I could listen now. Only I didn't want you to think I was so selfish that if it were possible to share the light with you I—I wouldn't share the dark too."

"There wouldn't be any dark for me at all if you shared it," he answered gently. Then she saw his lips tighten.

"We mustn't talk of that," he said. "We mustn't think of it."

Yet, of all the many things they discussed this morning, nothing left Marjory more to think about. It seemed that, so far, her freedom had done nothing but harm. She had intended no harm. She had desired only to lead her own life day by day, quite by herself. So she had fled from Peter—with this result; then she had fled from Teddy, who had lost his head completely; finally she had fled, not from Monte but with him, because that seemed quite the safest thing to do. It had proved the most dangerous of all! If she had driven Peter blind, Monte—if he only knew it—had brought him sweet revenge, because he had made her, not blind, but something that was worse, a thousand times worse!

Always she must see the light that had leaped to Monte's eyes, kindled from the fire in her own soul. Perhaps she must even see him going to other arms, that flame born of her breathed into fuller life by other lips.

Peter was telling her of his work; of what he had accomplished already and of what he hoped to accomplish. She heard him as from a distance, and answered mechanically his questions, while she pursued her own thoughts.

It seemed almost as if a woman was not allowed to remain negative; that she must accomplish either positive good or positive harm. So far, she had accomplished only harm; and now here was an opportunity that was almost an obligation to offset that to some degree. She must free Monte as soon as possible. That was necessary in any event. She owed it to him. It was a sacred obligation that she must pay to save even the frayed remnant of her pride.

So Monte would go on his way again, and she would be left—she and Peter. If, then, what Beatrice said was true—if it was within her power, at no matter what sacrifice, to give Peter back the sight she had taken—then so she might undo some of the wrong she had done. The bigger the sacrifice, the fiercer the fire might rage to burn her clean. Because she had thought to sacrifice nothing, she had been forced to sacrifice everything; if now she sacrificed everything, perhaps she could get back a little peace in return. She would give her life to Peter—give him everything that was left in her to give.

She saw Beatrice at the door, and rose to meet her.

"You're to lunch with me," she said. "Then, for dinner, Mr. Covington has asked us all to join him."

"Covington?" exclaimed Peter. "Isn't he the man who was so decent to me this morning?"

"He said he met you," said Marjory.

"I liked him," declared Peter. "I'll be mighty glad to see more of him."

"And I too," nodded Beatrice. "He looked so romantic with his injured arm."

"Monte romantic?" smiled Marjory. "That's the one thing in the world he isn't."

"Just who is he, anyway?" inquired Beatrice.

"He's just Monte," answered Marjory.

"And Madame Monte—where is she? I noticed by the register there is such a person."

"I—I think he said she had been called away—unexpectedly," Marjory gasped.

She turned aside with an uncomfortable feeling that Beatrice had noticed her confusion.

THE following week Monte devoted himself wholly to the entertainment of Marjory and her friends. He placed his car at their disposal, and planned for them daily trips with the thoroughness of a courier, though he generally found some excuse for not going himself. His object was simple: to keep Marjory's days so filled that she would have no time left in which to worry. He wanted to help her, as far as possible, to forget the preceding week, which had so disturbed her. To this end nothing could be better for her than Peter and Beatrice Noyes, who were so simply and honestly plain, every-day Americans.

The more he talked with Peter Noyes the better he liked him. At the end of the day—after seeing them started in the morning, Monte used to go out and walk his legs off till dinner-time—he enjoyed dropping into a chair by the side of Peter.

It was the man's enthusiasm that Monte admired. He seemed to be always alert—always keen. Yet, as near as he could find out, his life had been anything but adventuresome or varied. After leaving the law school he had settled down in a New York office and just plugged along. He confessed that this was the first vacation he had taken since he began practise.

"You can hardly call this a vacation!" exclaimed Monte.

"Man," answered Peter earnestly, "you don't know what these days mean to me."

"You sure are entitled to all the fun you can get out of them," returned Monte. "But I hate to think how I'd feel under the same circumstances."

"I don't believe there is much difference between men," answered Peter. "I imagine that about certain things we all feel a good deal alike."

"I wonder," mused Monte. "I can't imagine myself, for instance, living twelve months in the year in New York and being enthusiastic about it."

"What do you do when you're there?" inquired Peter.

"Not much of anything," admitted Monte.

"Then you're no more in New York when you're there than in Jericho," answered Peter. "You've got to get into the game really to live in New York. You've got to work and be one of the million others before you can get the feel of the city. Best of all, a man ought to marry there. You're married, aren't you, Covington?"

"Eh?"

"Didn't Beatrice tell me you registered here with your wife?"

Monte moistened his lips.

"Yes—she was here for a day. She—she was called away."

"That's too bad. I hope we'll have an opportunity to meet her before we leave."

"Thanks."

"She ought to help you understand New York."

"Perhaps she would. We've never been there together."

"Been married long?"

"No."

"So you haven't any children."

"Hardly."

"Then," said Peter, "you have your whole life ahead of you. You haven't begun to live anywhere yet."

"And you?"

"It's the same with me," confessed Peter, with a quick breath. "Only—well, I haven't been able to make even the beginning you've made."

MONTE leaned forward with quickened interest.

"That's the thing you wanted so hard?" he asked.

"Yes."

"To marry and have children?"

Monte was silent a moment, and then he added:

"I know a man who did that."

"A man who doesn't isn't a man, is he?"

"I—I don't know," confessed Monte. "I've visited this friend once or twice. Did you ever see a kiddy with the croup?"

"No," admitted Peter.

"You're darned lucky. It's just as though—as though some one had the little devil by the throat, trying to strangle him."

"There are things you can do?"

"Things you can try to do. But most you stand around with your hands tied, waiting to see what's going to happen."

"Well?" queried Peter, evidently puzzled.

"That's only one of a thousand things that can happen to 'em."

"Well?"

"When I think of Chic and his children I think of him pacing the hall with his forehead all sweaty with the ashes inside of him. Nothing pleasant about that, is there?"

Peter did not answer for a moment, and then what he said seemed rather pointless.

"What of it?" he asked.

"Only this," answered Monte uneasily. "When you speak of a wife and children you have to remember those facts. You have to consider that you're going to be torn all to shoe-strings every so often. Maybe you open the gates of heaven, but you throw open the gates of hell too. There's no more jogging along in between on the good old earth."

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Peter. "You consider such things?"

"I've always tried to stay normal," answered Monte uneasily.

"Yet you said you're married?"

"Even so, isn't it possible for a man to keep his head?" demanded Monte.

"I don't understand," replied Peter.

"Look here—I don't want to intrude in your affairs, but I don't suppose you are talking merely abstractedly. You have some one definite in mind?"

"Yes."

"Then you ought to understand; you've kept steady."

"I wouldn't be like this if I had," answered Peter.

"You mean your eyes."

"I tried to forget her because she wasn't ready to listen. I turned to my work, and put in twenty hours a day. It was a fool thing to do. And yet—"

Monte held his breath.

"From the depths I saw the heights.

Continued on page 22

The Blizzard in Lone Valley

By WALTER FERRIS

Illustrations by Harry Townsend

"He had killed his man, but his fight had only begun. He spoke sharply: 'The first one that moves is a dead man.'

Again he spoke quickly: 'I'm going through this door to get my shoes and hike. The first one after me drops.'"

THE gray wood was beginning to whisper. Slowly the white silence that had lain upon the world during ten days of intense cold was changing, becoming informed with imperceptible movement and sound. Gradually, too, the terrible brilliance that had reflected from tree and boulder and from the cruel snow, and had stabbed the eye as with a thousand darts of lightning, was beginning to pale. A gray veil was being drawn before the face of the sun, and its shadow was stealing with quiet pace among the trees.

Through the wood a figure was moving, slowly and with painful, dragging step. His movement was scarcely progress. For the past few hours it had required an intense effort to stand. Each forward step was a miracle, needing the full concentration of his will for its accomplishment.

He had not observed the change that was coming over the sky, nor the faint motion of the air, nor the awakening of the trees as from a dream. The eyes that stared from the haggard face were set and filmed from seeing.

YESTERDAY, when he could still think of himself, and remember who he was and the meaning of this desperate flight, he had prayed through panting lips for the storm. Now he moved in a great void, knowing neither sound nor silence, nor space, nor the passage of time. Indeed, he pressed on hardly by conscious volition.

It was as if, somewhere in the darkness that lay upon those past days, a desperate need had set his body in motion, and now when sensation was gone the force of that impulse remained to compel his steps.

The afternoon was growing late, and the passing of the sun was adding a deeper shadow to the twilight of the woods. A moment later the fugitive stopped, staggered, and sank beside the trunk of a pine.

"God!" he was sobbing. "Give me a mile—a mile—and food."

The words were repeated in a broken monotone, without inflection, without passion. Their utterance was mechanical, as if they had been spoken for hours in the same unvarying tone. For a time he lay against the tree; then, and as a little strength came to him, he roused and became dimly aware of the change in the sky.

He stared a moment without comprehension; then a dull light came to his eyes.

"It's come," he muttered thickly. "Snow's coming. A mile, and I'm safe."

He closed his eyes; and then, as the first light flake of the approaching storm touched his face, he stirred.

"My God, I've got to go on! It'll come thick in an hour, and I can't fight a blizzard—now."

He got to his feet drunkenly.

"They'll have to camp three days," he was muttering. "Three days of food and sleep."

He stood unsteadily a moment, and then a wistful light grew on the wasted face.

"Janio," he whispered, "keep calling—loud—or I'll fail."

NOW began again that painful dragging progress. It seemed to him that he was running, so great was the effort put forth at every step. It was a race with the storm now—a cruel race, for he was in the last stages of exhaustion, and the snow was riding on the tireless horses of the wind.

The next day he could not remember the incidents of that journey, nor that he fell often, and yet always went on as if in response to some imperious command that would not let him sleep. He recalled that mile only as a long, searing pain held on him relentlessly by the torturer's iron.

In the end he won the cabin; but in the last two hundred yards he had all but gone under, for the blizzard had set upon him, choking, blinding, beating him to the ground with a thousand furious assaults.

It had been a bitter fight to win the doorway; and now, with his hand upon the latch, he faced defeat. Somewhere in his pockets there was a key, but he could not whip his brain to recall its place, nor could his fingers have held and inserted it into the lock.

His gun alone remained of the scanty kit that he had carried on his flight; the rest had gone in the last mile, flung as a wager in the teeth of death. He drew it from its holster with uncertain fingers, placed the muzzle against the lock, and fired.

The danger of the act he did not even sense. Everything now was a gamble against fearful odds.

The gun was blown clean from his hand. For an instant he did not know whether he had been shot, or whether the cabin had disappeared in a great convulsion. He groped for the door; it was open, and the storm was driving into the room.

Staggering across the threshold, he found that he could scarcely hold the door against the force of the wind; to close it seemed impossible. His breath was coming in great sobs, and blind curses at his weakness issued from between his bared teeth. But he won, inch by inch, dropped the heavy bar, and sank against the wall.

SOME time later partial consciousness returned. He knew that he was freezing, but that somewhere near there was succor. What was it? He struggled to focus his thought. Ah, brandy! Somewhere near there was brandy that would give him life.

It was impossible to rise, and he began to crawl away from the door, groping for the shelf upon which the brandy stood. Thought did not guide him, but there was a momentary revival of the instinct that had driven him these last hours. Presently he reached the bottle; but it was corked tightly, and there was no strength in him to draw the cork.

He sat staring stupidly upon it in the darkness. He could not remember what to do. Anger saved him. In a sudden frenzy he struck the bottle heavily against the shelf.

There was a spurt of liquid on his face. He drank; and life that was almost gone returned to him.

With the first hot flush his mind cleared and he knew his condition. He must not drink much; even now there was need of haste. In his present weakness the brandy would act quickly, and he would fall into a drunken stupor and freeze, unless he had food and fire. There were crackers on the shelf. He took two and crushed them into his mouth.

Now for the fire. The simple movements necessary to its preparation required a fearful effort, and the hand that held the match was nearly frozen. But at length there was a crackle, a bright upward thrust of flame, and the room filled with the brightness of promised warmth.

HIS sight was beginning to film again, and a great languor was coming upon his limbs. Again he reached for the crackers and brandy. There were sharp cramps growing in his stomach, but he did not heed them. One last act remained. He drew blankets before the fire, lay down, and fell immediately into the sleep that is nearest death.

Sometime in the night he awoke, struggling up to consciousness from a great sea of pain. He felt as if his body were on the rack and all the fiends of hell were at the screws. Yet he knew that he must wake. Sleep was the drug that he craved: it would stifle the pain until to-morrow. But food was necessary, in order that his strength might be renewed for the difficulties still to come. With an effort that drew low groans, he stirred, roused, and tried to gather his forces for the necessary tasks. These, though light enough, were almost beyond his ability.

When the water was hot he prepared soup—warm, life-giving, gulped with sobs of which each was a prayer of thanksgiving. Then bacon and beans, a little of each, eaten with a restraint that placed

a further tax on the fibers of his will. When the meal was done he found tobacco, and with the first indrawing of smoke he could think.

He looked about the room. The fire was playing high, and the glow and warmth filled the place as with the beneficence of heaven. It had seemed incredible that he should reach the comfort of this place again, or that he should live to do justice to the girl whose image had flitted before him those first days of the flight, beckoning gaily with laughter on her lips, and, when his eyes had grown dim, calling imperiously, imploring him to greater effort.

Now that he had reached the cabin, he might yet win to her. But for the storm, he could not have stopped for rest. There would have been a quick replenishing of his pack, and the doubtful race for the border would have been renewed.

To-morrow he would plan for his flight, but now he would sleep. His torpor was returning. The pipe dropped from his hand, and with a last effort he reached his bunk and let the waves of sleep carry him again to the depths of the world.

TEN days before, Jim Sanderson had gone down Lone Valley, a light kit on his back and a singing heart beneath his warm mackinaw coat. He traveled fast, knees bent, swinging his snowshoes forward in a long, loping stride. He did not sing aloud; it was too cold. But the very movement of that lithe, splendidly muscled body was essential music. It was a strong face that showed under the fur cap—a sunny, open face, but with a firm set to the jaw and a quiet light in the gray eyes.

He had been alone for four months, trapping about his cabin at the head of the valley. It was his first winter there, and he had isolated himself, not of necessity, but from choice. He loved the rugged austerities of that life. More than ever at that season, nature became personalized for him—a great white presence, that now lay brooding silently, and now leaped to sudden fury and beat at the hills with savage fingers.

But love of that wild life had not alone driven him to exile. He had taken with him the image of Jane Talbot, to reflect upon it, to search its eyes for the truth that he longed to find.

The winter before, his first in Riga, she had appeared, without apparent cause and offering no explanation, out of the obscurity of that other world from which the frontier town was cut off. It was characteristic of that rough society that no questions were asked of her. Indeed, few persons in Riga had a known past. They were derelicts, who, for causes that were never questioned, had drifted there, to be accepted casually at their apparent worth.

But Jane Talbot, to Sanderson's eye, bore the unmistakable mark of a different society. He had himself come out of that other world six years before, drawn by the love of a freer life; but he still retained its code. At once he felt that Jane Talbot could not be one of the derelicts. She accepted the conditions of that rude town not weakly nor with bravado, but with an effort that did not hide from him the bravery of its smile. The incongruity of her dress as waitress at the hotel did not escape him, nor her involuntary shrinking at the rough pleasantries offered in the dance-hall above Jake's place.

The strangeness of her situation alternately attracted and repelled him. Sometimes it was difficult to distinguish her from the other girls of the place, so bravely did she play her part. But at other moments he caught glimpses of the tragedy behind that mask of gaiety, and the pathos of it bit deep into his heart.

But he was never permitted more than a glimpse. She gave him no confidences. At the suggestion of question she withdrew into herself, but with a silent dignity that put him firmly away. Without words she told him plainly that she must be accepted for what she appeared to be, or not at all.

Inevitably that mystery, and the courage which he alone understood, drew him. For weeks he fought against it. He preferred not to admit her attraction until he was certain of her. He craved the secret of that past, ready to worship her if it were honorable, wishing only to pity her if it were not.

By insensible degrees his sympathy broke down her resistance. At first she had resented his comprehension, but the part that she had chosen to play was a difficult one. She must defend herself against the worst of that rough life while accepting its outward conditions. So she had at length turned to that strong man, with the quiet understanding eyes, until he could read the love which his heart longed to answer. But always that ultimate barrier remained. She must be taken without question or not at all.

At last Sanderson's problem grew too acute to be borne. That fall he went to her and said good-by until spring, and then left for his cabin in Lone Valley, hoping to drive her image from him, or in that silence to brood upon it until its worth should be made clear to him. He did not solve her mystery, but he discovered a truth that made it insignificant.

There in the late autumn he saw the world die, as if from the breath of some destroying angel. Then had come the snow to heal the scars and clothe the world in virgin purity. Thereafter, with the coming of March, he knew, the winter would die, her whiteness stained with the decaying frost. And then spring would come, and her flowers would hide that ugliness of death, and a new and lovelier vestal would reign.

Reflecting upon these things through the winter months, it seemed to Sanderson that he discovered an analogy. Nature renews her life, and forgets; and her beauty is not destroyed for long. And then he remembered Jane Talbot's eyes when he had said good-by. They had not been accusing, but wistful and brave, as always, wishing for the trust that he could not give—clear eyes, if he had ever seen any. And suddenly he answered his problem. It did not matter what lay behind. She had courage, honesty, pride—great virtues. She was a true woman now; and that should suffice.

ON the night he made that discovery he sat till dawn before his fire, and with the coming of the sun he knew that he had found the truth. Within an hour his pack was ready, and he was off for Riga, where she waited.

For the first two days he went blithely; but then the sense of some danger threatening her came upon him. He began to fear that he had waited too long. Perhaps her courage had broken down, or some accident had thrown her to the wolves of that place. He remembered Dusty Miller's boast that one day he would humble her pride. Under the urgence of that fear, he pressed on with little rest, lighted through two nights by the brilliance of a waxing moon.

It was nine o'clock when he reached the single street of the town, and he made straight for the hotel where Jane Talbot worked. She was not there—had not been there that day; and they knew nothing of her whereabouts. Dread seized on Sanderson's heart. The fear that he had come too late became certainty. He crossed the road, and turned the corner to Jake's place. From the gossip of that room he hoped to learn what had happened.

Outside the door he leaned his snowshoes against the wall, and, without unstrapping his pack, stepped in. As he did so he caught sight of Dusty Miller leaning against the bar, his great body relaxed with drink, addressing the group about the card tables at the end of the room. Sanderson's entrance had not been noticed, and with a sudden instinct of caution he stepped aside into the hall from which the stairs led to the upper floor. Immediately Miller's boasting tones came to his ears.

"I reckon that about ends her little game," he was saying. "I've called that royal flush she's bin holdin' in her little hand, and when I've had a few more drinks there's goin' to be a merry little show-down in a place I know."

His gross, half-drunken laughter filled the room.

Sanderson's heart tightened and his legs grew weak. He drew his gun from its holster and shoved the muzzle into his belt under his mackinaw.

Dusty was speaking again:

"She's bin shyin' from my rope for about twelve moons now, but I reckon she's corralled this time. I tells her I ain't one for these long engagements." He giggled tipsily. "And she ups and says that she loves another, or words in that general direction. I tells her I knows a little trick for jumpin' such claims, and she laughs in my face.

"So this mornin' I lays for her, and when she goes by a place I know, I twines my arms into a true love knot and carries her aloft for a little meditation. I didn't touch her none, though she kicks and scratches like a loosed coyote." He touched a livid streak on his face with tentative fingers. "I just tells her to set and think lovin' thoughts about me till I come back to-night; and I expect she's gettin' right anxious for the sight of me about now."

Loud laughter greeted this speech, while the blood flamed in Sanderson's face. He took a quick step toward the door, when Dusty's voice again arrested him:

"The little spitfire tells me she'll kill herself or me; and that, anyways, Sandy'll get me in the spring. I didn't rightly savvy that other fellow till she said that. But I guess by spring she'll sort o' forget. Leastways, Sandy's gun'll be sort of unsteady after a peaceful winter among the jack-rabbits."

AGAIN laughter arose from the group, but it stilled suddenly to a dead silence. Dusty blinked in astonishment, then turned quickly in the direction of their gaze. Sanderson stood ten feet away. His face was white, and his eyes held the light of terrible anger.

"Dusty," he said in an even tone, "I'm going to send you to hell presently. I ought to shoot you like a snake, but I'm man enough to give even you a chance. Tell me where that girl is, and I'll kill you quickly. If you don't, you'll die of slow torture."

Miller's loose body had stiffened. The shock of Sandy's appearance had sobered him instantly; but he was not facing a gun, and on even terms he was afraid of no man.

"So the little trapper fella's come back to my nuptials," he said, with a sneer.

His words were laughing, but his eyes were alert. He knew that the faster man on the draw would go out of the room alive, and he watched for an opening.

Sanderson's voice did not rise above its low pitch:

"Where's the girl? It's your last chance."

Dusty's reply was cut short. From the group beyond a rough voice spoke:

"The room's against you, Sandy. You've got no call to rope in. When you hiked out, Dusty took up your claim. The girl's his."

Sanderson knew what that meant. He had never been completely accepted in the town, and they would resent his interference. They would not meddle in the fight; but if he killed Dusty it would be a violation of their unwritten law, and the whole pack would set upon him. He opened his lips to reply, defying the room; and that second's uncertainty nearly cost him his life.

Miller's eye caught the wavering of Sandy's glance, saw the momentary distraction of mind, and his hand flashed toward his holster. Sandy's movements were as swift, but he was a fraction of a second behind. He knew it, and just as Dusty's gun spoke the lithe trapper leaped to one side, his own gun spitting flame. He fired twice, and then through the smoke he saw Miller's great body relax; saw a look of wonder grow in the dark eyes as they watched the gun slipping; heard a deep curse as Dusty fell and lay upon the sawdust on the floor.

Sanderson had killed his man; but his fight had only begun. While the smoke still eddied in the room, he jumped for the door, and stood with his back against it, his eyes shifting quickly about the place, his gun menacing. He spoke sharply:

"The first one that moves is a dead man."

They knew the accuracy of his aim, and for a moment nobody moved. But it was the quietness of latent movement, that would leap at his throat when some one dared to make the first move.

Again Sandy spoke quickly:

"I'm going through this door to get my shoes and bike. The first one after me drops."

A quick shifting of his gun covered a man who had stirred. With one hand behind him, he opened the door slowly.

"It'll be a good race, boys," he said, "and fair play out in the open. I'll be traveling fast for the border."

He would not be, of course; it was his intention to elude them, and come back for Jane.

JUST then the slow voice of Jim Larue came from the end of the room.

"Sandy," he drawled, "we're bound to get you if we can; but before you go I'd sort of like to get square for the time you cured me o' snake-bite. Jane's all right. She's flew. Got out o' the winder and took the evening stage. Dusty didn't know it."

There was a moment's silence while Sandy waited for more.

"Jim," he pleaded, "is that all? I saved your life that time."

"Well," Larue drawled again, "she did say a little something about beating it across for Winston, and 'lowed I might tell you, if so be you came back and wanted to know."

Sandy had heard enough. He leaped through the door, slamming it behind him, stooped low to avoid the bullets that were already flying, seized his snow-shoes, and ran.

The men were making a rush for the door, shouting as they came; but he was around the corner and in the rear of the hotel before they caught sight of him. There were out-houses there around which to dodge, and in the rear of the stable the pines crowded close where the snow was deep and his pursuers could not follow.

With a deft movement, he slipped his toes beneath the straps of his shoes and raced into the thick covert of the pines.

HE had beaten them for a moment, but there were many long hours between him and the border. There would be no pursuit for an hour. Jake would have to pick his posse; packs must be provisioned for a long chase; and meantime he would have covered eight miles.

But now, with the familiar bite of the cold air on his face, his mind, which had been dazed by the suddenness of events, cleared, and he knew, even with that start, how uneven the conditions of the race were to be. No one in Riga could catch him on equal terms; but the little reserve of food that he had carried on the down trail was almost exhausted. Enough remained for perhaps two days, and it would take four at his best speed to reach the cabin where his pack might be replenished. And even if his food were sufficient, he knew that his strength was doubtful. He had slept little for five days, traveling fast, and his pursuers would be fresh.

It was a bitter hazard, but he had a mighty impulse to urge him. More than life depended on his speed and endurance. In these last days the tide of his love, checked for so long, had risen strongly; and at Dusty's words even his doubt of her had vanished. He must live to undo the wrong he had done her, to justify her pride, to take the wistfulness from those brave eyes.

He shut his lips and breasted the cold

Continued on page 15

WHY THE GOOD STARS DIE YOUNG

"A FAVORITE has no friend," said the poet, but obviously that was one of the bard's off days. He had probably been to the dentist. Ann Pennington isn't troubled that way at all. Whether she is—they call it "working"—for the movies or dancing for the "Follies," she never has less than a hundred people looking at the sunshine of her presence and hoping for a kind syllable. No, the real peril of popularity is that one never has a moment alone in which to think up something fetching to do next.

Famous Players.

THERE may be safety in some numbers, but certainly not in numbers of photographers. One of them is sure to snap you with your eyes shut or your mouth open. Florence Walton and other celebrities have a rough time of it. If they get something in their eye or their petticoat shows and they are feeling as cross as two sticks, it doesn't matter. However much they watch out, the photographer will get them.

Famous Players.

BEFORE you give up that nice job checking wraps at the Hotel Vanderbilt, Gloria Gale, think over what you might have to do if you become a petted darling of the screen. No more smiles for the elevator-boys. Reigning favorites may be seen only with other reigning favorites, or dogs. You will have no fixed views on every subject including which chewing-gum has the most wear in it. And you may have to make a speech, as Lenore Ulric did, before three hundred newspaper men.

Mutual-Paramount.

Triangle-Ko-Ko.

ABIJAH BOOZE, he dear old moth-eaten tom-cat that you raised from kittenhood, will have to go out if you decide to become a hero-wife. Nothing so inanimate as a pussy cat or a canary bird must ever be found among your luggage. What would the magazine people have to write about? Mabel Normand adores white mice and goldfish, and is deathly afraid of lions, tigers, and hippotheses; but regard her now. She must chase the antelope over the plain, and he limn a cub must she bind with a shawl-strap.

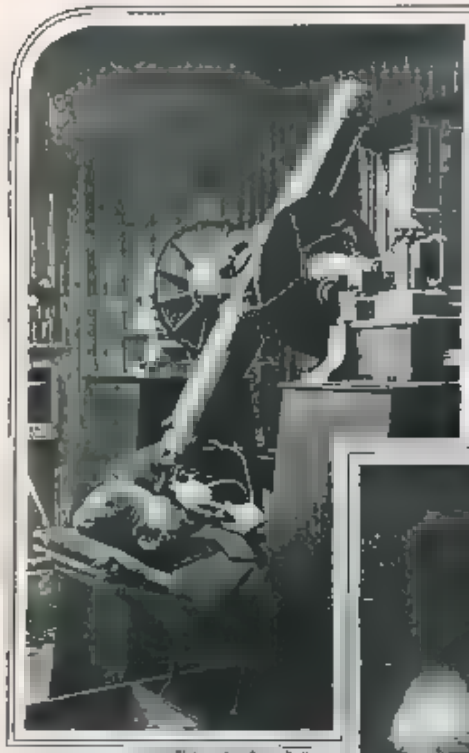
Keith.

Famous Players.

IF, like Madge Evans, you step from the cradle to the screen, you will have to act for years the terrible, relentless volley of gilt candy. After a star has reached the age of digestion, soldiers ever bombarding her with bonbons and send along more practical things, like an illustrated edition of "Lalla Rookh" and burnt-wood umbrella stands.

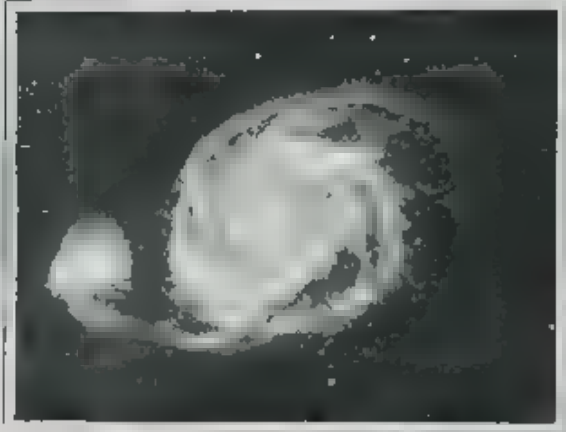
BUT the realest popularity problem of all is brought in morning and afternoon by the good old postman, whom neither wind nor snow nor rain nor hail can stay in his appointed task, as they say over the great post-office done in New York. Boosts and knocks, requests, demands, offers, remarks, proposals. Louise Huff gets them all. A great responsibility; yet system will accomplish wonders. We got our mail cleaned up in good season last week—both the gas bill and the picture postal of Kennebunkport.

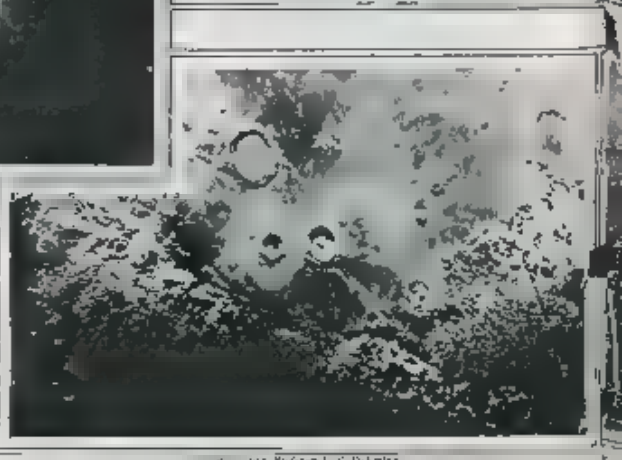
HOW WE WONDER



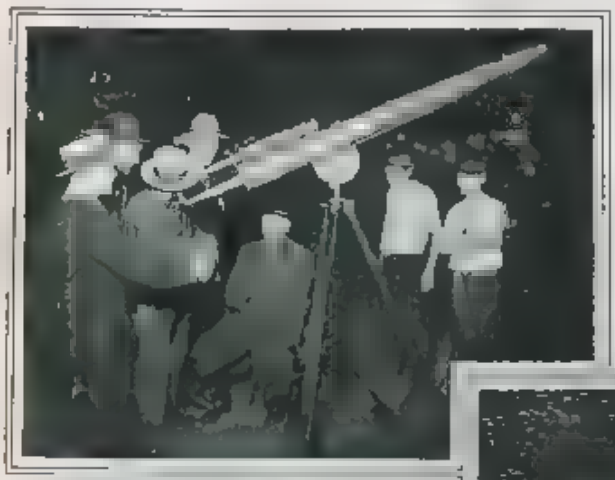
TWINKLE twinkle, little sky
How we wish that we could lie
And gaze up at you every day
And call it work and still get pay
In spite of the easy life of astronomers, as here shown, we have learned much interesting information. For instance here is the theory of the Canals on Mars. Mars has very little rainfall; therefore the theory is that the lines on her surface which the telescope discloses are enormous canals some as long as from San Francisco to New York. These bring the melting snow from the north pole down to the dry central regions. So grave and learned astronomers assure us gravely and learnedly and other astronomers just as grave and learned assure us that it is all bunk.

Photograph by Brown Brothers.

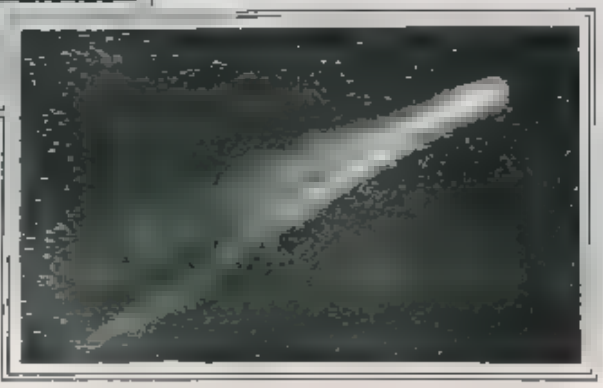




THE moon, of course, is just a little piece that got ripped off this earth and then died. There is no water on the moon, not any air. It's about the size of the mountaintops in South America and made up of crooked volcanoes that might be termed scientifically williamjenningsbryans. Looked at through a telescope, the moon shows up very large and distinct. But a fixed star such as 61 Cygni being 40,000,000,000,000 miles from us, appears hardly a bit bigger when seen through even the strongest telescope.



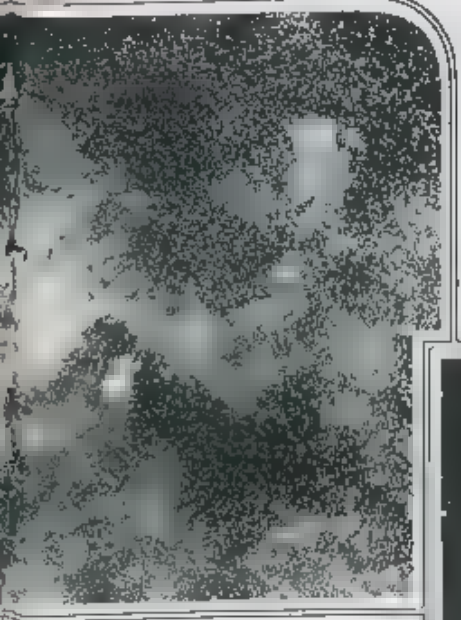
FIRE some stars but we may ten cent a to see through a telescope on Broadway guided the mariners from Tyre across the treacherous Mediterranean. They looked down on the children of Israel in the wilderness. They saw Cæsar conquer the world, and Alexander conquer the world, and Cæsar conquer the world, and Napoleon conquer the world. And, till silent, inscrutable they keep their watch over the petty manœuvers of men. Look at them to-night. You will understand what the scientist meant who said "No astronomer can be an atheist."



COMETS are an interesting bit of the universal scheme of things. Halley's comet for instance has a tail 22,000,000 miles long and swings through space as a unit of its own, which Halley figured out. Whenever it dances into sight the whole world wonders and fears. We know that it appeared about the beginning of the Christian era, and some scholars have wondered if the Star of Bethlehem might have been Halley's comet. Twenty-four times since it has appeared a great flaming mass that should strike us might destroy the world.

Photograph by Brown Brothers

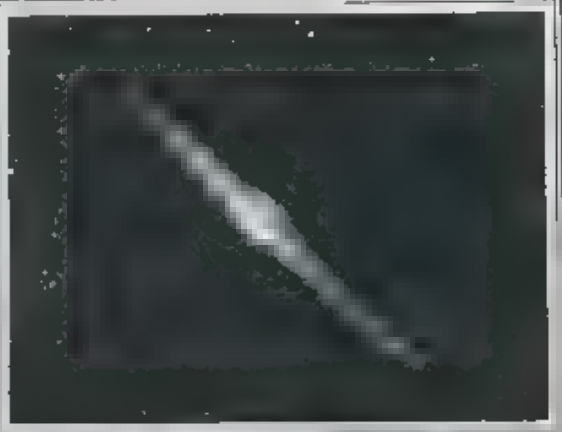
WHAT THEY ARE

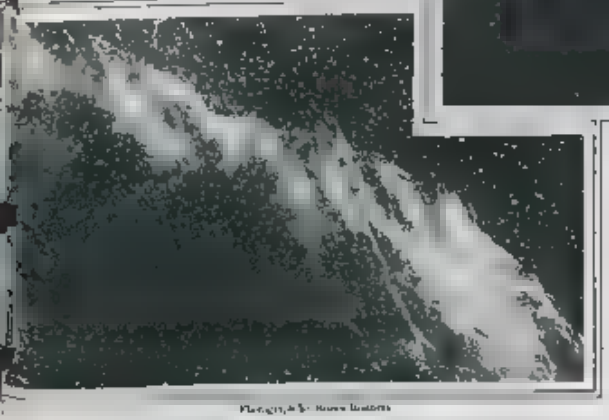


HERE is what is known as a star cloud. Some of these tiny specks of light are great suns as big or bigger than our own. All these stars are sending light to us, and light travels at the rate of 80,000 miles a second. How long do you think it takes the light of these stars to reach our earth, at that rate? Four years. Think of it. Some one, giving ten years to the job, estimated that something like a thousand million stars are scattered about through space.

Photograph by Brown Brothers.

THIS is M. Camille Flammarion, the great French astronomer. Astronomers have not always had an easy-going life. Tycho, the great astronomer of the Middle Ages fought a duel over some of his mathematical calculations.

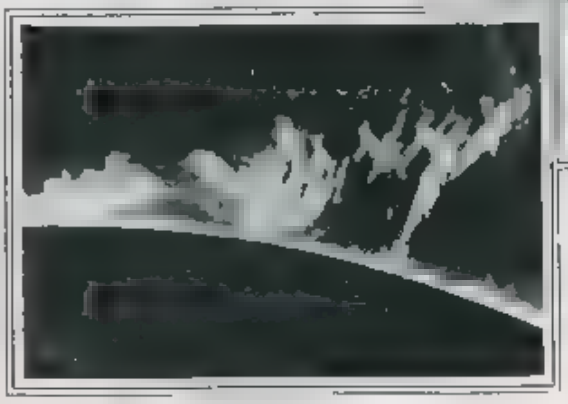




Photograph by Brown Brothers.

ANOTHER pleasant side traveler across the heavens is the irresponsible meteor. Suns, moons, and planets are all fixed in their courses. The planets revolve about the suns; the moons about the planets, and the whole collection through space. But a meteor will break off from some burning sun, shoot through space, and strike us at a speed of twenty miles a second. Passing through our atmosphere, it develops about ten thousand times as much heat as a rifle bullet, and is usually dissolved in vapor. So, while meteors are rude little fellows, you needn't lie awake too many nights worrying about them.

WE naturally drop into the habit of thinking that our sun is some pumpkins. And in a way it is. It is the center of our universe, and around it revolve planets of which our earth is one, and Mars, Venus, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, Mercury and Neptune. Some of these may have human beings much better and wiser than we; but we know that one of them, at least, Mercury, has no use. For its temperatures range from 50° below zero to 400° above. But all the planets put together are only a drop in the bucket. Think of it—every one of those tiny dots of light that you call stars are really suns like ours, and around them revolve millions of earths, which, because they are dark like ours, we can not see.



Photograph by Brown Brothers.

THESE glimmering sun flames are only 30,000 miles high; for after all, the sun is only 330,000 times the size of the earth, and not nearly as large as some of the fixed stars. Its light takes only eight minutes to reach us, because the sun is very close to us—only 90,000,000 miles away. Some of the great suns, which we call stars, may have gone out a thousand years ago, for all we know. For the light that left them twelve or fifteen hundred years ago is only just reaching us now. And light, remember, travels 180,000 miles a second.

ANY school-boy may have a telescope to-day that is better than the old organ-pipe and piece of glass with which Galileo made his discoveries. Yet his observations changed the whole course of men's thought. He showed that the world is not the center of the universe, with the stars serving as night lights for it, but only a tiny part of the universe. Too many people never get that idea into their heads. The next time you are worried over some tremendous problem, go out and look at the stars, and remember that somewhere back of them is a mighty Personality that has kept men like you for a thousand generations, and will continue to keep them.

Photograph by Paul Thompson

NO snap is on their thumbs, no ruffles is poured on their patent-leathers: they are the kings of the dining-room and—if the truth were known—most of them could buy and sell a majority of the men who give them orders. Business is great for head waiters these days. Not since the trust-forming days of the nineties has Broadway been so bright, says Louis Greener of Rector's—or so liberal. But ask the things they eat: these nutrition millionaires. A hundred dollars' worth of champagne and forty dollars' worth of corn-beef hash.

DINNERS are creations, as much as hats and poetry, so Theodore Tice of the Ritz-Carlton maintains. His art consists in adapting the menu to express the individuality of the diners. For instance, sparkling drinks for sparkling girls, but bread for suffragettes and reformers, and cod salad for the gentleman whose address is Wall Street, New York. We should like to know what Mr. Tice would prepare for an editorial luncheon. We are sick of prunes.

TWENTY FIVE years in Delmonico's and nine at the Plaza—what a procession of social climbers Nestor A. L. Lavanel has taken out upon. Every year a new crop; other has sold out the little sewing-machine factory in Warsaw, Wisconsin, and nothing will do for mother and the girls but to break into New York society. So they come and break—but not in. And back they go to Warsaw again, the most discontented, unhappy people in the world: too good for the place they made them, and scoffed by the place that suckers like them make.

"IS THE SALAD ALL RIGHT SIR?"

Photograph by Paul Thompson.

FOR years George Wasch, of the Claremont, New York's historic roadhouse, has watched them enter the dining-room, and he can tell all about people at the first glance. How? "Shoes, tearing, walk, atmosphere," answers Mr. Wasch. Why shoes? "Easy enough. The real old millionaire will squander a fortune on cards and rings, but he will balk every time on paying $25 for a pair of shoes. And atmosphere—I can sense it at a glance. It's the indefinable something that separates the newcomer from the thoroughbred. I can always tell it."

Photograph by Paul Thompson

MONEYED dinners and diamond favors are not mere fables. Thomas J. Fortune at the Hotel Manhattan has seen them happen. Reginald Vanderbilt gave gem-studded cigar-lighters at his bachelor dinner, and Fortune has seen diamond rings served in lieu of dessert. Meanwhile pecuniary spreads; Fifth Avenue simply crawls underpasses while the girl into the peepul, wanting to eat every day and the world is full of those who read this magazine over another man's shoulder instead of paying three cents for a copy to take to the little ones at home.

Photograph by Paul Thompson.

"MY dinner, Louis." A trivial remark, indeed, but worth remembering when the speaker is Emperor Franz Joseph or Mark Hanna or J. Pierpont Morgan. And Louis, at the Waldorf, has heard it from all three, and from thousands of others whom the world calls great. He has listened to more after-dinner oratory than any other human being, and agrees with us that the average banquet would be a fine affair if one did not have to eat the food or listen to the speeches.

air with a heathenish stride while before him the moon cast a dark shadow that writhed in grotesque pantomime during the long leagues of that first night.

LATER in the afternoon, he woke, and again there came a struggle to return to the dead. The fire was out, the room bitterly cold and the pain in his legs was still severe. Moments passed before he recognized his surroundings, but he remembered. Some one was pursuing him. Why? Slowly the details of those last days took form in his mind. Even the shutter was closed in quick fear for the sound of the storm. It was still howling at the cabin, hurling its strength at the cliff above, raging down the valley.

As soon as he got on his feet he realized his condition. His body was covered, and his legs trembled so that he could hardly stand. The rigors of his flight had left him but a poor ghost of that body that had gone ranging down the valley ten days before.

After a careful meal, he assembled a new pack, and lifted it to his back to test its weight. It was slender enough, but he could not carry it ten feet.

He propped himself against a bench on the floor before the fire, lit his pipe, and considered. Unless the storm lasted for more than two days he could not go on, perhaps not then. He must have some plan in reserve. His weariness was so great that, had it been only his life that was at stake, he would have slept and left what might come to chance. That would not do now. The posse would be five to one, and he could not hope to win a straight fight except by a miracle. But he must live to tell Jane Talbot that he loved her and mark that hurt in her eyes.

He listened to the storm. There was a kind of beauty in that ominous sound. And where bank or boulder stood in the wind's path there would be great drifts sweeping to a splendid height, beautiful in their long, curving folds. In the morning sun these would show delicate lines of tracery, and at the edges there would be projections of irregular cornice and colonnaded porticoes where the fairy folk of the snow might walk and give their thousand jewels to the sun. Drifts! Suddenly his eye lighted. Perhaps the storm might be made to serve him further.

The cabin stood under a sheer cliff that rose two hundred feet above it. Between the rear wall and the rock was a space of forty feet filled by a great drift that rose level with the roof. Much of this was old snow from a former storm, packed hard by a right thaw and the severe cold that had followed. Above this firm bank the wind was piling the brittle particles of the blizzard, pressing them down into a hard mass as the hours added weight.

AND now began a strange task that ran through a day and a night. Sanderson opened the rear door of the cabin, disclosing the cloudy packed drift. This he attacked with pail and shovel, carrying the snow through the room and emptying it before the cabin where the eddying wind had cleared a space. It was a slow and painful operation. He could work but a few minutes at a time, and then only by a driving effort. But by night a low tunnel had been made to the cliff, and there he rested.

After a short sleep he began again, hollowing out, by the light of candles, a larger space. When the cave had grown to sufficient size, he brought blankets and pieces of wood, and shored up the curving roof. Then he brought a single length of pipe which had served to carry water from a spring. This he drove upward, next to the face of the cliff, and worked at the snow with a stick until he could see light at the top. This would give him air.

Thereafter he brought food, furs, and the remaining blankets, which he spread on the floor. His rifle and cartridges were placed at the rear of the cabin, next to the door that led to his tunnel.

It was afternoon when he finished. During the final hours he had worked feverishly, driving himself by repeated [illegible] of brandy. But, even with this stimulus, his legs had failed, and he had been forced to crawl painfully back and forth. The storm was falling. There was a perceptible lessening of the wind, and the sun was growing lighter. Jake and his men might reach the cabin in two hours or three. How much distance they had covered during his last staggering flight he could not know, but he felt that it was still not so far behind.

After a last meal he dropped on the floor before the fire. His exhaustion was complete. There could be no thought of flight now.

IT seemed but a few moments before he was wakened by a heavy knocking on the door, though it was in reality late twilight. Even now he roused with difficulty. The knocking had been several times repeated before he understood its meaning. Jake's voice was raised outside.

"Better come out quietly without your gun, Sandy. We're five to one. No use fighting."

Sanderson moved to the door, standing a little to one side to avoid the shots that would follow.

"Jake," he said, "I know you've got me. But I won't go back. You'll bury me in the snow first."

Jake's voice was rough.

"You fool, it won't do you no good to fight. You come out o' there. We'll get you anyhow."

"You'll have to come and take me, then. Get back from the door!"

He fired high, to start hostilities.

He was answered by a volley, and then he began shooting in earnest, lying on the floor at the rear of the cabin. He could keep them away from the door,—they would not dare to rush it,—and that was all he wished.

There followed an interval of silence, broken only by an occasional shot from outside. He knew what they were doing, and his heart beat fast. The test of his mind was coming quickly.

Presently he heard faint rustling sounds [illegible] the roof and [illegible] which his eyes [illegible] of that [illegible] there [illegible] a [illegible] which [illegible] crafty [illegible] He [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

OUR OWN CARNEGIE LIBRARY

On These Two Shelves—The New Books and Magazines

WILL THERE BE NO MORE CHILDREN IN EUROPE AFTER THE WAR?

A F T Rs without children
A determined race unable to war them."

This is the sounding warning of Dr William Lee Howard, in the Boston A — day P.

"Ten thousand German women are doing the heaviest kind of labor in the Krupp works; 20,000 more have taken their husbands' jobs in Berlin, 11 — English women are working in the engineering trade alone and hundreds of thousands of French, Russian, and Slavic women are doing men's work."

What kind of mothers will be made of these women? Will they bring forth children fit to cope with the world?

Dr Howard answers

"Not even the freedom of bifurcated garments must be treasured will keep the physiques of these women capable of having children."

It is harmful to disturb the natural instincts of men and women the Doctor maintains. If a male is given any feminine labor to do, such as embroidery, it has a strange effect upon him, and this makes us wonder about those hale old sea captains who took such pride in their knitting; he will become too

So it is with the women who tailors. They develop muscles, "drawing directly upon those vital forces that are essential — Working against nature,

"Contrast the woman who starts mar-

The — of Europe who — present whiling — the time — tracks and working — — sometimes aren't — physically able to have any more children, says this pessimistic —

Let her live his — for ten years, and see her — condition. She will be plump, — ful, happy and as useful to her — day she married The — that her womanly — cians have gone their natural way.

"The same girl, working as a shop — — a — will be — and dejected

— the situation — the sterility and unrest of modern women. Their sons will — complete womanhood and they —

WHY BABIES HAVE TO BE HUGGED

"Babies may sleep with their mothers," proclaims a member of the Royal Academy of English Physicians. It seems it is actually good for them. Right again, grandma, just as you were about red flannel for sore throat

THE baby not only may but must, be hugged.

This dictate of a British physician is a victory for the grandmothers, who, as a class, have always opposed the brutal modern methods of raising the child by book. Now comes to their rescue — doctor who says the infant need — ing. In a paper read before the Royal Academy of Physicians, Dr. M. S. Pembrey of London declares that — is safer guide than the measuring of science which teaches that the newly born — should be taken away from its — for — —

Your — — like a — The — — of — — Mr — said

The — speaks to the engineer and Brennan, your glands and muscles, and they immediately stoke up. Or if the — — — — — over — — — — and — — —

But when this temperamental tenant, — nervous system, is exhausted or asleep, or drugged with alcohol, he makes no impression on the janitor. That is why weary travelers or drunkards who fall asleep, unprotected from the cold — — easily frozen to death

It is this power to regulate — — thermometer, according to Dr Pembrey — which distinguishes warm-blooded — mals from cold-blooded

And are babies, then, cold-blooded — mals? Not quite. But, though their lungs may be lusty enough to wake all the inhabitants in a real apartment-house, their nerve-centers are too feeble to stoke up for their own little private house

So, says Dr Pembrey, the mother is the best furnace for the — — of her skin is about 98.4

SHALL WE SEE PURPLE COTTON FIELDS?

S — day a syncopated song will run, — — get me in the purple cotton fields, my Alexander" or it may be an orange or a Nile-green or an oyster-gray or a London-smoke cotton field. That will depend on the fashionable color of the season

For — years A. W. Brabham has been making experiments with cotton on his plantation at Olar, South Carolina, says an account in the Boston *Herald*, and he has come to the conclusion that colored cotton can be grown in large crops. In the near future, he predicts, looms will be fed with cotton threads of a natural color that will not fade, and cloth manufacturers will do away with chemical dye processes that are not only expensive, but damaging to the fiber of cheaper grades of cotton cloth

There are already fields of colored cotton in the world. In Peru, for instance, a red-tinted cotton is grown, in the same — — — — —

NO MORE COOKING UTENSILS IN POLAND

DAY after day long
women carrying bundles packed
and pieces of metal-ware of all de-
scriptions, stand in the government offices
of Poland, awaiting their turn. They are
surrendering their domestic utensils—
bath-room fixtures, kitchen ware, pots
pans, kettles, door-knobs, lamp-hangers
anything having the slightest bit of metal
about it. The Austrian-Hungarian gov-
ernment has posted notices throughout
war-ridden Poland, requisitioning all
household metals for military purposes.
Nothing escapes. No one is exempt.

"Housewives," says Anthony Czarnecki
[illegible] trips to the government offices before
they clean out their kitchens and pantries.

By complete confiscation and severe
fines dealt out to a few persons who were
endeavoring to save some utensils which
had been family heirlooms, the authorities
have forcibly taught the rest of the people
the lesson to hold nothing back. Wedding
gifts, family heir[illegible]
upon the same basis as pots and kettles.
Candlesticks and other metal articles used
in connection with religious exercises are
also doomed.

"The distress[illegible]
the people by the compulsory surrender
of every living contact
than those who have not experienced
can realize," says a prominent woman of
Przanysl, whose home had been stripped.
This territory of Poland is the battle-
ground. We are not responsible for the
world struggle, and the Polish people were
neither consulted before it began, nor are
they now asked what it shall end.

"The disease epidemics and orders of
physicians to keep the bodies and dwelling
places clean helped to delay the turning
in of the cathedrals. The military an-
nounced they would see that suitable sub-
stitutes were provided before the metal

The pot can no longer call the kettle black in Poland. Kitchen gear of every description has been requisitioned and melted down for military purposes. And housewives must cook in earthen ware, or possibly pipe [illegible]

SHOULD WE HAVE OUR JAWS X-RAYED?

HAVE you an unexplainable ache
your body? Are your joints creak-
ing with rheumatism? Or are
you melancholy? Then go to the den-
tist for a change) and have your jaws
X-rayed!

Rheumatism, pernicious [illegible] Bright's dis-
ease, heart failure, and even insanity may
be caused by a subtle blood poisoning
from decayed teeth. All this, says the
Chicago *American*, was announced and
explained at the last National Dental
[illegible]

[illegible] day, the poison of decay, no matter
where it forms, works through the muscles
and bones until it finds a passage to the
outside air or is absorbed by the
[illegible] tooth is supplied with
vessels, and the walls of these blood
sacs absorb the pus around them just as
a blotter soaks up ink.

"When the body absorbs more of this
poison than it can [illegible]
disease is often the result and
same way the germs of
carried into the circ[illegible] If people
[illegible] already poisons
ninety per cent. of
disappear.

As for mental diseases, paralysis, melan-
cholia, etc.,—when a hidden abscess
presses on a nerve, the pain and decay
[illegible] to the brain, which has only a
[illegible] of an inch above the roof of the

"Therefore," says the new school of
dentists, "have an X-ray photograph of
[illegible]

TEMPTING MENUS FOR THE ANTARCTIC

THOSE fussy mortals who simply
must have three regular meals a day,
and can not keep up their strength
without their morning smack of fruit
cereal, ham and eggs, coffee and toast,—
with a savory finish of griddle cakes,—
need not apply for passage on a polar
expedition. Griffith Taylor, in his book,
With Scott (Dodd, Mead & Co.), gives
graphic glimpses of the list of delicacies
that pass muster at mid-time ten thou-
sand miles from Piccadilly and Broadway.

"We thankfully ate seal hoosh out of
tin mugs, heaped down by unlimited sup-
plies of captain's biscuits nearly ten years
old. Next day the cooks prepared a
[illegible]kfast of seal [illegible] and curry, with a
[illegible]up of cocoa." The [illegible] of other meals,
[illegible] brings
[illegible] with a bar
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
essence, and tea
left from the
Breakfast
a few bits of seal in for luck."

Lunch "Chupatties," which were a
kind of unleavened currant scone made of
flour and biscuit-dust and corn flour
about four of these on a man.

Dinner Boiled penguin.

Breakfast "Whales on toast," which
were biscuits fried in butter and crowned
by two sardines, oiled out with biscuits.

Mr Taylor with half a dozen others,
left the party after a year to return to
their duties at Cambridge. Scott and his
[illegible] on and reaches the South
Pole, finding there a tent and flag left
thirty days before by the Norwegian,
Amundsen.

Amundsen had started eleven days
before the Englishmen [illegible]
miles nearer. But Co[illegible] had
accomplished his task, and in the time
he had allotted to do.

The world knows the story of the diffi-
[illegible] the war waged
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

WHAT SCIENCE IS DOING

To Roll This Old World Along

WHEN ALADDIN CAME TO OKLAHOMA

This is a passage from a history of the rush of '49

route in, secured on a [illegible] She put up sixteen beds and charged her guests $2 apiece, putting two men in a [illegible] $1 to sleep on the floor [illegible] crowded from the livery [illegible] next door.

That is a single op[illegible] springs from ocean fields to a city of 5000 in a few weeks. Here is another sample.

Causes of change are co[illegible] a whirl- [illegible] in the golden [illegible] forts have [illegible] guard the Treasury. Q[illegible] d upon with high- [illegible] ard to these forts.

Aladdin a wonder [illegible] er brought more fru ful response than the wand that prosperity has waved over the [illegible] man of fields better known as the Mi[illegible] nut pool field. Oklahoma oil [illegible] re than "wee-bitties" in the [illegible] lion fortunes. The [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Auntie Takes a Night Off

By SEWELL FORD

Illustrations by Boyer Rose

"Mrs. Mumford is crocheting silent

IT looked like a case of watchin' out for [illegible] The good yacht *Agnes* had been tied to her anchor less than half a day when this grand treasure-huntin' expedition of ours showed symptoms of collapse. It was weak in the knees, groggy in its motions, and had fur on its tongue. If there'd ever been any stock issued by the Ellins-Hemmingway Exploration & Development Company I'll bet you could have bought in a controllin' interest for two stacks of cigarette coupons and a handful of assorted campaign buttons.

You see, Old Hickory and Auntie has hung all their bright hopes on this Captain Rupert Killam. They'd listened to his tale about a secret mangrove island with a gold and jewel stuffed mound in the middle, and they'd taken it right off the fork. His mysterious and romantic actions had them completely befuddled at first.

[illegible] gradually been worn away, like a slow air leak from a tire. His last play of hidin' here out.

Just what his final fluke was I'm only givin' a guess at, but I judge that when Mr. Ellins called on him to point out the pirate hoard, now we were right on the ground, Rupert begun stallin' him off, [illegible] havin' a little private session 'way up in the bow soon after we got the hook down. By the set of Old Hickory's jaw I knew he was pointin' something straight up to Rupert. And the Cap, he points first one way, then the other, endin' by diggin' up a chart and gazin at it vague.

"Huh!" grunts Old Hickory.

I COULD hear that clear back by the bridge, where Vee and I were leanin' [illegible] "Somewhere around here—he [illegible] says Mr. Ellins. "Says he needs [illegible] more.

"Isn't he just as wise as he was when [illegible] between [illegible]

After which they both regulators glum, [illegible] And Rupert [illegible] He couldn't help being. He takes [illegible] He skulks around like a stray pup that [illegible] the dog-catcher.

You see, when he'd worked off that canned treasure hunk in New York and listened sort of convincin' [illegible] away with it there being not [illegible] qualified on the west coast of Florida right where he'd located the scene, it was his cue to ditch the prospectus gag and pull something real. And he couldn't. That is, he hadn't up to date. Old Hickory ain't the one to put up with any pussyfootin'. Nor Auntie either. When they ain't satisfied with things they have a habit of lettin' folks know just how they feel.

Hence this area of low pressure that seems to center around the *Agnes*. Old Hickory is off in one end of the boat, puffin at his cigar savage. Auntie's at the other glarin' into a book she's pretendin' to read. Mrs. Mumford is crocheting [illegible]. Professor Lamidas Barr is rigged up some kind of a scientific dip-net. J. Dudley Simms is down in the main saloon playin' solitaire; and Rupert sticks to the upper deck, where he's out of the way.

VEE and me? Oh, we got hold of a map and was trein' to locate just where [illegible]

"See that must be Sanibel Island," says she, treacin' it out with a pink forefinger. "And that is Pine Island Sound with the Caloosa [illegible]

"Now sneeze and you'll get [illegible] rest of it," says I.

"Caloosahatchee. There!" says she. "What a name to give a river! But isn't it wonderful down here. [illegible] pastel art stuff you see in the Sixth Ave[illegible] The water [illegible] blows when [illegible] they said. The little islands near by, [illegible] lumps of feather-duster palms [illegible] up from 'em, was a bit stagey and [illegible] The far-off shores was too vivid a green to be true, and the high white clouds was the impossible kind that Maxfield Parrish puts on magazine covers. And, with that dazzlin' sun blazin' over [illegible] it all made your eyes h[illegible] far from us was a row of those lazy pelicans—foolish things with bills a yard long and [illegible] their necks. They're all strung out along the edge of the channel, havin' a fish gorge. And believe me, when a pelican goes fishin' he don't make any false [illegible] He'll sit there squarin' solemn at the water as if he was sayin' his prayers, then all of a sudden he'll make a jab with that face extension of his, and when he pulls it out and tosses it up you can bet your last jitney he's added something substantial to the larder. One gulp and it's all over. I watched one old bird [illegible] away about ten fish in as many minutes.

"Gosh," says I. "Every day is Friday with him. Or maybe he's got a contract to supply Fulton Market."

The entertainin part of the performance, though, was when the bunch took it into their heads to move on, and started to fly. They've got little short legs and wide feet, but they flop back and forth foolish, like they was tryin' to kick themselves out of the water. They make a getaway about as graceful as a cow tryin' the fox trot. But way once they get goin' with them big wings planed against the breeze, they can do the soarin' something grand. And divin'. One of 'em doin' a [illegible] plunge like [illegible] got Auntie holdin' it a plumber fallin' off a roof backward.

No, there wasn't any gloom around our side of the yacht, though I'll admit it don't take much of a program to keep me amused while Vee has the new orchestra chair to tune. We took no notice of anybody's grouch and whether or not there was any pirate gold in the neighborhood was a question we didn't [illegible] thought on. We knew there wouldn't be anything in it for us, even if there was.

WHEN the word was passed around that anybody that wanted to might get out and fish, we was the first to volunteer. Seems this had been the s[illegible] right along—that our party was to do [illegible] less fishin' on as to give [illegible] natives that might be hangin' around the proper idea of why we was there.

Professor Barr is right on hand too, and Dudley tries it just to kill time. We did have more or less luck, and got quite excited. Vee pulls in something striped up like a lad-band and one that I hooked blew himself up into a reg'lar football after I landed him in the bottom of the boat. The Professor had jaw-breakin' names for everything we caught, but he couldn't say whether they was good to eat or not. The yacht cook wouldn't take a chance on any of them. It was good sport, though, and we all collected a fresh coat of sunburn. And say, with them new [illegible] in her cheeks, maybe Vee ain't some stunner, too. But then, she's easy to look at.

It was this same evenin' the second [illegible] had been anchored quiet in behind this lengthy island, that the big three of our expedition gets together again. First I knew, I saw 'em grouped along the side [illegible] swung—Auntie, Old Hickory and Captain Killam. Rupert seems to be [illegible] if he minches and to be quarrelsome, and the next I see he's climbing off into the moonlight. I hunts up Vee and misses [illegible] the worst.

"WHAT do you know about that?" says I. "Pikin' off for a joy ride all by [illegible] I suppose Captain Killam has found where his treasure island is," says Vee. [illegible] "He ought to be able to pick out [illegible] easily from among all of those," says I. "Islands is what this country seems to be long on. And they got a spiffy night for it, ain't they?"

"I think Auntie might have [illegible] says Vee, a bit pee[illegible] "more on treasure-hunters," I reminds her. "We're just to help [illegible] pleasure-cruising bluff. Who there is I pay it over on I don't [illegible] much, though. Ain't there any population in this part of the map?"

Vee thinks she can see a light way up in shore on Sanibel and another off [illegible] face re[illegible] only wander down here with a Coney Island rush aboard," says I. "wouldn't they just eat this up? Think of dancin' on the decks and— Say, what's the matter with our startin' a little thing [illegible] like that?"

"Let's!" says Vee.

So we hail a deck steward, [illegible] the music machine up out of the cabin, set J. Dudley to work pullin' on dance records, and, with Mrs. Mumford and the Professor and half the crew for a gallery, we gave an exhibition spell for an hour or so. I hope they got as much fun out of it as we did. Anyway, it tapped the ice[illegible] ago for Mrs. Mumford. I heard her tellin' on the sly about it for the Professor.

"Poor dear Mr. Mumford!" she sighs. "How he did love dancing with me. And how wonderfully he could polka!"

She's off again!" I whispers to Vee.

So we drifts forward as far away from his monologue about the dear departed as we could get. Not that we didn't appreciate hearin' intimate details about the late Mr. Mumford. We did, the first two or three times. After that it was more entertainin' to look at the [illegible]

For my part, I could have stood a few more hours of that, but about ten o'clock Mrs. Mumford's voice gives out, or she gets to the end of a chapter. Anyway, she informs us cheerful that it's time young folks was gettin' in their beauty sleep, so Vee goes off to her state-room, and after I've helped J. Dudley Simms burn up a couple of his special cork-tipped Havanas, I turns in myself.

I DON'T seem like I'd been poundin' my ear more'n half an hour, and I was dreamin' something lovely about doin' one of them pelican dives off a pink cotton cloud when I feels somebody shakin' me by the shoulder. I pries my eyes open, and finds one of the crew standin'

"Young number, Jack," says I. "I [illegible] on the night shift."

"It's the young lady, sir," says he. "You're to dress and come on deck."

"Eh?" says I. "Have we been U-boated

Hotter! snaps Auntie. We [illegible] ack in the mud, and have been for hours."

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"Zipped" All right I'll be there a

And I finds Vee costumed businesslike in a middy blouse and khaki skirt, stowin things away in a picnic hamper.

"What's the plot of the piece?" I asks.

"Auntie and Mr Ellins haven't come says she. "It's after three

"But Captain Kilburn is with says I

"What use is he, I'd like to know? by, we must go and find them."

"But I don't know any more about a motor-boat than I do about playin' a trombone," I protests

"I do" says Vee. "I learned in Bermuda one winter. I have coffee and sandwiches here. They'll be hungry put in some cigars for Mr says I. "If he's run out of smokes I'd rather not find him"

"Got cigars, then" says she. "I have an small launch all ready"

How about taking one of the crew I suggits

"Bother" says Vee. "Besides, they've n sharks and are all frightened I'm not afraid of sharks."

You bet she wasn't nor of being out at night, nor of startin' a strange engine You should have seen her spin that wheel and juggle the filler-ropes. Some girl!

"Got any clue as to where they are?" I asks

"Only the general direction they took says she. "But something must be done Think of Auntie being out at this hour! When we get past those little islands we'll begin blowing the horn."

IT was sort of weird, like a front mixin' in off that way at night into a tangle of islands without any lights up to tell you which way you was goin', or anybody in sight to ask directions of. The moon was still doin' business, but it was droppin' lower every minute. Vee just stands there calm, though, rollin' the little, pickin' out the deep difference in color and lettin' the *Agnes* fade away behind us as careless as if we had a return ticket

"Excuse me for remarkin I "but, while I wouldn't be strong for this emergence as a general thing, with the passenger list I

Blow the horn," cuts in Vee.

Yep, I blow. Over miles and miles of glassy water I blow it, straight every now n for an answer. All I raised was a bird squawk or so; and once we soared up a flock of white herons that sailed off like so many ghosts. Another time some big black things rolled of the way almost alongside.

What's those—whales?" I gasps "Keep on blowing."

"I'll be qualified as captain of a fish-wagon before I'm through" says I "Looks like that explorin' trio had guns and lost themselves for four days in it?"

"They must be somewhere among these islands," says Vee. "They couldn't have gone out on the Gulf could they?"

We asked each other a lot of questions that neither one of us knew the answer to. It sort of helped pass the time. And we certainly did do a thorough job of poking, for we cruised in and out of every little cove, and around every point we came to and I kept the horn goin' until I was as shy on breath as a fat lady comin' out of the subway.

It was while I was restin' a bit that I got to explorin' one of the boat lockers, and dug up this Roman-candle affair that Vee and I might touch off. And it hadn't burned half way down before I spots an answerin' glow away off to the left.

"We've raised some one, anyway," says I.

"We'll know who it is soon," says Vee, turnin' the wheel.

FIVE minutes later and we got a reply to our horn—four long blasts.

"That means distress," says Vee. "Answer with three short ones."

A mile or so further on, as we swings wide around the end of an island where a shoal sticks out, we comes in sight of this big motor-boat lyin' quiet a couple of hundred feet offshore, with three people

"There they are, thank goodness!" says Vee, shuttin' off the engine and lettin' the boat drift in towards 'em slow

"Hello, there" I calls out

"That you, Torchy?" asks Old Hickory

"Yep!" says I. "Me and Ve

"Bully for you, youngsters" says he "I might have known it would be you two who would find us"

"Verona, I am astonished," gasps Auntie

I thought you would be," says "What's the matter"

"Matter" snaps Auntie. "We're stuck in the mud, and have been for hours. Look out or you'll run aground

But our boat wasn half the size of theirs, and by pokin' careful we got alongside

My first move is to reach a handful of cigars to the boss

Meanwhile Vee is pourin' out some hot coffee from the picnic jar. That and the sandwiches seemed to sort of soothe things all around, and we got a sketch of their troubles

Just as Vee had suspected, Rupert had started out to show 'em the island where he treasure was. Oh, he was sure he could take 'em right to it

"And we were blithering and blundering around for half the night," says Old Hickory, "until his marvel of marine intelligence ran us hard and fast aground here, where we've been

I got turned around," protests Rupert

"We admit that," says Old Hickory "I will even concede Disgusted and But the fact is why you should vent for our benefit a colossal whopper as that treasure-island fiction."

"No fiction about it," grumbles Rupert, his voice a bit husky, either from indignation or chicken sandwich, we couldn't tell which And I'll find it yet" he adds

"You will have ample opportunity," says Old Hickory "for when we leave here you will be left also. You may make a life job of it if you wish.

"We ought to be getting back," says Auntie. "Will that little boat hold us all?"

"Why, this one is afloat nonsense Vee. "The tide must have

"And here we've been sitting, ages so magi heads on a bunch, waiting come and tell us about it," snorts Old Hickory. "Excellent Kilburn, do you think you can pilot back without trying to cut new channels through the State of Florida?"

Rupert don't make any promises, but he gets busy, and pretty soon we're on way. It's about then that I springs the bunch of

"Say, Mr Ellins," says I, "was this description,"

Well," I goes on, "a little

"we did. I ht where it is, too."

might take a glance at it," says Old Hickory. "Kilburn, give Miss Verona the wheel"

I couldn't have said exactly which way to go, but Vee never hesitates a second. She steers straight back on the course we'd come, and inside of fifteen minutes we shoots past a point and opens up a whole clump of islands, with one way and tucked away in the middle

"That's it" shouts Rupert, jumpin up and down. "That's Nunez Keys"

In says Old Hickory "There the ing of an elevation in the center Let's run in as close as we can, Verona"

By this time we were all grouped in the bow stretchin our necks and gazin

suddenly sings out "Six minutes mound! I told you I'd find it."

"Huh" says Old Hickory "You found but you would need Miss Verona and Torchy to do the finding for you."

We [illegible] into details, but how Vee and me happened

"The Professor had jawbreaking names for every fish we caught, but couldn't say whether they was good to eat

nuts, to share and share

says Old Hickory, grab

we will go back to the yacht get some sleep," announces Auntie. "I've had treasure-hunting enough for one night So have you, Matthew Ellins, if you only knew it."

Old Hickory shrugs his shoulders. He drops the spade. T

"What" says Vee. "Go another whole day without knowing whether

"Certainly" cuts in Auntie. "I'm sleepy I couldn't tell a doubloon from a doughnut. Ho-ho-hum Let's be getting back

It wasn't much after six when we made the yacht, but the whole crew be up and stirrin' around. As we alongside they sort of groups [illegible] into a gawp committee forward, and I caught them passin' the smile and nudge to each other The two sailors that mans the landin' stairs are on the broad grin It's well for them that neither Auntie nor Old Hickory seems to notice. I though, and trails behind the others got-

"What's all the comedy for?" I demands.

" says one

[illegible] the other breaks in with, "Any

"Sure!" says I. "We saw a swell show."

I'm wonderin' though why all them tired hands should be givin' us the merry face

That Aching Head

By EDWIN F. BOWERS, M.D.

Author of "Side-Stepping Ill Health," "Alcohol—Its Influence on Mind and Body," etc.

THE next time you have a headache, instead of attempting to paralyze the nerves of sensation with an opiate or coal-tar "pain-deadener," push the headache out through the top of the head. It's surprisingly easy.

It merely requires that you press your thumb—or, better still, some smooth broad metal surface like the end of a knife-handle—firmly against the roof of the mouth (the hard palate), as nearly as possible under the ache, and hold it there for from three to five minutes by the watch. It may be necessary, if the ache is extensive, to shift the position of the thumb or metal "applicator" so as to "cover" completely the area that aches.

Headaches and neuralgias of purely nervous origin—that is, not due to poison in the system, or alcoholism, tumors, eye-strain, or some specific organic cause—usually subside under this pressure within a few minutes.

Many patients cure their own or their friends' and relatives' headaches or neuralgic attacks in this manner. In their own headaches they use the thumb. In treating others, they use the first and second fingers.

The "points of attack" may extend from the roots of the front teeth (for a frontal headache) to the junction of the hard and soft palate (for a pain in the back of the head). Or from the roots of the right upper molars to those of the upper left molars, if the pain be in the region of the temples or the side of the head.

In headaches exalted by dental operations, relief can almost invariably be secured. Dr. Thomas Ryan of New York and others familiar with zone therapy (the science of relieving pain and curing disease by pressure in the various "zones" affected by pain or disease) almost uniformly cure headaches in this manner.

In medical practice the results are even more miraculous.

Stopping a Three-Year-Old Headache

ONE of the worst cases treated by zone therapy was that of a lady who had suffered from persistent headache for three years. She had consulted more than three nerve specialists. Her many prominent heart was in a very dangerous condition, owing to the amount of antipyrin and other headache powders she had taken.

Her pain was located most generally in the forehead, and in the height of the attacks extended to the top of the head.

It was not relieved by sleep—indeed, it was worse, if anything, after such poor and inadequate sleep as she was able to get. This fact eliminated eye-strain as a cause.

Every organ in the body had received a thorough overhauling, and still the headaches persisted. So the diagnosis settled down into "pain habit."

The afternoon Dr. FitzGerald first saw this patient she was almost in hysterics. Her pain was so acute. For when telephoning for her appointment she had been told not to take any opiates, as they might "mask the symptoms" and confuse the diagnosis.

Without stopping to question her, Dr. FitzGerald washed his hands in an antiseptic solution, placed the tips of the first and second fingers of his right hand close against the roots of her front teeth, held her head rigidly with the left hand, and pressed firmly for two minutes. He then moved his finger-tips an inch farther back on the hard palate, and repeated the pressure for another two minutes.

As a result, for the first time in three years, except when under the influence of an opiate, this woman was absolutely free from pain.

Dr. FitzGerald instructed her husband, who accompanied her, just where to make the proper pressures when the pain returned, and within a week had a report from him that there were now no further attacks of the neuralgic headaches. This relief has persisted for more than a year.

Headaches frequently respond to pressure exerted over the joints on the thumb or fingers. Here is a case, reported by Dr. George Starr White of Los Angeles:

A woman suffered from a very severe headache on the top of her head, which had persisted for more than three weeks. She had consulted several doctors, with only temporary relief.

Dr. FitzGerald told her nothing of what was contemplated, but took hold of her hands and began firmly pressing on the first, second, and third fingers of each hand, at the same time engaging her in conversation concerning her condition.

After about three minutes he asked her if she would locate with her hand just where the pain was. She hesitated, looked up, and asked, "Do you use mental therapy?" Then, after blinking perplexedly for half a minute, she added: "For the first time in three weeks, except when I've been under the influence of narcotics, the pain is entirely gone."

Dr. FitzGerald told her to have some one repeat these finger pressures, at the same time emphasizing that if she failed to get relief from this method to come back. He has not seen her since.

The Method of Zone Therapy

BUT the same condition in the same patient may not be cleared up from the same point every time. For instance, if the pain is in the second zone of the forehead, at one time we may stop it by "attacking" the forefinger. The next time, however, pressure upon that finger might not have the slightest effect, and we would have to go to the tongue or the roof of the mouth to get results. Another time we might be successful only from the nose—or by pressing the teeth of an aluminum comb on the skull, above or below the seat of pain—and so on.

The next time you have a headache, give zone therapy a chance. Remember the fundamentals of the theory as indicated in the chart.

The body, as pointed out in my first article on zone therapy, is divided into ten zones, five on either side of the median line. These zone divisions divide the head, the tongue, the palate, the trunk, the arms, and the legs, and terminate in the fingers and toes. Dr. FitzGerald has discovered that pressure on any part of one of these zones creates a nervous reaction that tends to relieve pain and many disease processes in any other part of the same zone.

For instance, if your headache is over the right ear, you may obtain relief by exerting pressure—with rubber bands, or with the teeth of an aluminum comb—on the little finger and the ring finger of the right hand. Or if it is directly on the top of the head, the metal handle of a table knife pressed firmly on the center of the hard palate, and held for three or four minutes, will generally "cure" the ache.

It should be borne in mind that, if the pressures are made on the roof of the mouth, the closer they come to the seat of disturbance the quicker the trouble will subside. In other words, press as nearly as possible directly under the ache center.

Remember also that if the fingers are "attacked" for the purpose of relieving headache or neuralgia, they must be the appropriate or proper zone fingers—on the side in which the pain is located. And also—if pressures are made over the joints, these pressures must be made on the front or on the sides—according as to whether the headache be located in the front or back or on the sides of the head.

This is the second of Dr. Bowers' articles on zone therapy. The third will appear in an early number.

Goodness, man! I ha[illegible]y recognized you
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The Triflers

Continued from page 8

I saw the wonderful beauty of the peaks."

"And still see them?"

"Clearer than ever now."

"Then you aren't sorry she came into your life?"

"Sorry?" exclaimed Peter. "Even at this price—even if there were no hope ahead, I'd still have my visions."

"But there is hope?"

"I have one chance in a thousand. It's more than anything I've had up to now."

"One in a thousand is a fighting chance," Monte returned.

"You speak as if that were more than you had."

"It was."

"Yet you won out."

"How?" demanded Monte.

"She married you."

"Yes," answered Monte, "that's true. I say, old man—it's getting a bit cool here. Perhaps we'd better go in."

MONTE had planned for them a drive to Cannes the day Beatrice sent word to Marjory that she would be unable to go.

"But you two will go, won't you?" she concluded her note. "Peter will be terribly disappointed if you don't."

So they went, leaving at ten o'clock. At ten-fifteen Beatrice came downstairs, and ran into Monte.

"You're feeling better?" he asked. She shook her head.

"I—I'm afraid I told a fib."

"You mean you stayed because you didn't want to go."

"Yes. But I didn't say I had a headache."

"I know how you feel about that," he returned. "Leaving people to guess wrong lets you out in one way, and in another it doesn't."

"It was for Peter's sake, anyhow," she tried to justify her position. "But don't let me delay you, please. I know you're off for your morning walk."

That was true. But he was interested in that statement she had just made, that it was for Peter's sake she had remained behind. It revealed an amazingly dense ignorance of both her brother's position and Marjory's.

"Won't you come along a little way?" he asked. "We can turn back at any time."

She hesitated a moment—but only a moment.

"Thanks."

She fell into step at his side as he sought the quay.

"You've been very good to Peter," she said. "I've wanted to tell you so."

"You didn't remain behind for that, I hope," he smiled.

"No," she admitted; "but I do appreciate your kindness. Peter has had such a terrible time of it."

"And yet," mused Monte aloud, "he doesn't seem to feel that way himself."

"He has confided in you?"

"A little. He told me he regretted nothing."

"He has such fine courage!" she exclaimed.

"Not that alone. He has had some beautiful dreams."

"That's because of his courage."

"It takes courage, then, to dream?"

"Don't you think it does—with your eyes gone?"

"With or without eyes," he admitted.

"You don't know what he's been through," she frowned. "Even he doesn't know. When I came to him, there was so little of him left. I'll never forget the first sight I had of him in the hospital."

He looked at the frail young woman by his side. She must have had fine courage too. There was something of Peter in her.

"And you nursed him back."

She blushed at the praise.

"Perhaps I helped a little; but, after all, it was the dreams he had that counted most. All I did was to listen and try to make them real to him. I tried to make him hope."

"That was fine."

"He loved so hard, with all there was in him, as he does everything," she said.

"I suppose that was the trouble."

She turned quickly. It was as if he said that was the mistake.

"After all, that's just love, isn't it? There can't be any half way about it, can there?"

"I wonder."

"You—you wonder, Mr. Covington?"

He was stupid at first. He did not get the connection. Then, as she turned her dark eyes full upon him, the blood leaped to his cheeks. He was married—that was what she was trying to tell him. He had a wife, and so presumably knew what love was.

"Perhaps we'd better turn back," she said unsmilly.

He felt like a cad. He turned instantly.

"I'm afraid I didn't make myself very clear," he faltered. "We aren't all of us like Peter. You shouldn't blame me too much."

"It is not for me to criticize you at all," she returned somewhat stiffly.

"But you did."

"How?"

"When you suggested turning back. It was as if you had determined I was not quite a proper person to walk with."

"Mr. Covington!" she protested.

"We may as well be frank. It seems to be a misfortune of mine lately to get things mixed up. Peter is helping me to see straight. That's why I like to talk with him."

"He sees so straight himself."

"That's it."

"If only now he recovers his eyes."

"He says there's hope."

"It all depends upon her," she said.

"Upon this woman?"

"Upon this one woman."

"If she realized it—"

"She does," broke in Beatrice. "I made her realize it. I went to her and told her."

"You did that?"

She raised her head in swift challenge.

"Even though Peter commanded me not to—even though I knew he would never forgive me if he learned."

"You women are so wonderful," breathed Monte.

"With Peter's future—with his life at stake—what else could I do?"

"And she, knowing that, refused to come to him?"

"Fate brought us to her."

"Then," exclaimed Monte, "what are you doing here?"

SHE stopped and faced him. It was evident that he was sincere.

"You men—all men are so stupid at times!" she cried, with a little laugh.

He shook his head slowly.

"I'll have to admit it."

"Why, he's with her now," she laughed. "That's why I stayed at home to-day."

Monte held his breath a second. Then he said:

"You mean, the woman Peter loves is—is Marjory Stockton?"

"No other. I thought he must have told you. If not, I thought you must have guessed it from her."

"Why, no," he admitted; "I didn't."

"Then you've had your eyes closed."

"That's it," he nodded; "I've had my eyes closed. Why, that explains a lot of things."

Impulsively the girl placed her hand on Monte's arm.

"As an old friend of hers, you'll use your influence to help Peter?"

"I'll do what I can."

"Then I'm so glad I told you."

"Yes," agreed Monte. "I suppose it was just as well for me to know."

To be continued next week

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Still Waters

Continued from page 6

much water when he was hot. But you have nothing to do with that. I can not ask you to renew the note again when you have already renewed it twice. You can take my yearling steers. I guess they will be good for the amount, though beef is low."

"Of course it's low," answered Sloane cheerfully. "You don't want to sell any steers now, especially yearlings. We'll just let that note run, Herman, and if you need any ready money you can have it."

There was a silence. Then came the man's voice, now vibrant with a note of hope:

"Well, Freda, what you think now about God turnin' his face away from us? She has been cryin' for a week, Mr. Sloane. Of course, myself, I do not say, but it is not because I do not feel like it. So I do not blame Freda. She is all tired out, sorsin' me and doin' the housework, besides milkin' ten cows so Coony, our boy, can have more time in the corn. You cryin' again, Freda? Myself, I was just thinkin' I would like to let melt a great shoudt of choy."

The girl outside arose and stepped softly to the far end of the veranda, out of ear-shot, and gazed upon the shimmering landscape through a gap in the flowery tapestry.

"Keeping faith with his stewardship!" she murmured.

But all that Sloane said, when they were humming along the pike again, was:

"Sachs is an honest old Dutchman who has been playing in hard luck."

"Something like myself?"

"Yes. But it's a mighty ill wind, you know, that blows nobody good," he answered, with shining eyes.

HE left her out at his parents' home—a big house on the edge of town, set in a fine grove of trees—where she was to be a guest for supper. Here he left her with his sister, returning later, wearing flannels and white shoes.

The two girls were sitting in a lawn swing.

"Brother dolls up that way about twice a summer," laughed Aline. "Consider the honor aimed at you, my dear."

"As a Godspeed, perhaps," answered Patricia. "I am going home to-morrow."

Aline abruptly kissed her. Then, with a directness cast in the same mold as Dudley's, she asked: "Does brother know?"

"I told him this afternoon."

In spite of herself, Patricia felt the blood sealing her cheeks.

"I'm surprised, then, that he isn't in sackcloth and ashes instead of flannels. I really suspect, my dear, that you have scorched a hankie that we regarded as fireproof."

She pinched her companion's cheek.

"It's a rather delicate matter, Patricia, but if you need a little money temporarily, you know I can let you have it."

Patricia felt a throb of gratitude that Dudley should not have told even his sister of his clever but mendacious way of filling a stranger's purse while sparing her pride. Then she told Aline herself.

"That was just like brother!" exclaimed Aline warmly. "You will never know his chagrin at your finding him out."

AT ten-thirty, after Dudley had snapped his watch-lid a third time, Aline was reminded of a freeze of lemon ice in the kitchen, and vanished thitherward. About the same time the senior Sloane recalled his promise, in return for Patricia's songs, to play "The Last Rose of Summer," and wandered into the library to hunt up his violin—a task that seemingly required the assistance of his silver-haired spouse.

Thus Dudley and Patricia found themselves alone. The French windows were invitingly open, and, laying his hand upon her arm, Dudley led her out into the summer gloom of the porch. Katydids were rasping overhead; the night was vibrant with the multitudinous fiddling of snowy tree crickets; the blooming locust trees along the driveway drenched the air with fragrance.

"Your time is up," said he.

"Yes," she acknowledged.

"If you doubt that I love instead of pitying you, you are the only one present to-night who does. Aline's eyes glint with an impish knowingness every time she looks at me. Dad has got off his 'au revoir but not good-by' every time your going was mentioned. Even mother—God bless her soul!—innocently reached over and took my hand when you began to sing. Her cross is the fact that I have never married. With her, family is an institution—a bachelor, a drone in the hive. Dear one, let me take you to her now and present you as her new daughter."

She yielded her hand to him, but stood for an interval, peering out into the hot, palpitating dark.

"Tell me about it, sweetheart!" he prompted softly.

"Did you gather, from my wild talk the night we met, that I am a divorcée?" she asked falteringly.

"Certainly. Is that the stumbling-block?"

She did not say. But, turning, she folded her arms about his neck and laid her lips to his as lightly as a bee embraces a flower, and held them there for a moment, motionless, breathless, like one absorbed by a solemn rite.

"For better or for worse, my beloved!" she whispered. "Now take me in to—mother."

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